OCT 30 1933

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1933 — NUMBER 12

THE REICHSTAG ON FIRE. *Photo by Acme*

Lloyd George Begins His Reminiscences

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. 1914-1915. *Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1933. $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD NICOLSON

"IT is very odd," said Mr. Lloyd George, "but I am quite unable to write. I can't understand you author people. How do you do it? For me, it is all so difficult. I can speak and think as well as most men. But when it comes to writing things down, I become a zany."

He walked up and down the study at Churt punching an imaginary enemy, making round pugilistic lunges at what seemed to him at that moment the only human difficulty which he had failed to surmount.

He turned round and faced me with perplexed indignation. "I can't make it out," he said, "either I get soft and silly, or hard and dry. It's a question of the *flow* of thoughts. My thoughts always flow better when I am either talking or listening. When I start writing they cease to flow, flow, *flow*. . . ."

He paced the room repeating that last word in fury. The rain outside battered against the windows. The December afternoon waned dully, throwing into high relief the white spots in the room—a photograph of Arthur Balfour, a photograph of Foch.

That was the first time I ever observed in Mr. Lloyd George a lack of confidence. I tried to cheer him up. I said that writing was, after all, and for most of us, a flabby sort of thing. That after all a man such as he need not fuss about the soft insufficiencies of the pen.

"But you see," he continued, striding across the room, "you see, it's my memoirs. I have such a lot to say. It is all interesting—very interesting, very important" (and at that he cocked his eye at me, with that boyish look of confederacy which silences all criticism) — "and I can't get them on to paper. They are turgid, at times, and then thin. Thin, thin, *thin*. . . ." and he began at that to pace the carpet again, looking leonine against the rain-streamed windows.

"Yes—I am writing my memoirs—They

(*Continued on following page*)

Wings for the Intermediate

By LEILA JONES

OH not enough that under stone
The cricket scratch a wing to find
Music, that keeps his hearth alone
With creatures fatuous or blind,

Or that on cloud the lark uprear
Wild feathers since these humble folk
Unknowing sing and mindless wear
A feathered vesture for a cloak.

Only the tutored Seraphim
High-clustered on a heavenly tree
Disport with joy and chant a hymn
Commensurate with high degree.

Let man then, less than these and bolder
Than earthly kind, with ardor sing,
Disturbed by love, the while his shoulder
Bears the first freightage of a wing.

Capitalism by Violence*

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

FOR a long time now "fascism" has needed definition. Is it a matter of economic organization, centering in the idea of the "corporate state?" Does it inevitably involve one-party government by a dictatorship? Must its inception and maintenance breed violence? Is it fascism if it doesn't lead to the persecution of certain alien races?

John Strachey, in his "The Menace of Fascism," supplies a rough answer. No one, he says, can foresee the exact form fascism will take in a specific country, but a common denominator can be found in that all movements toward fascism are "movements for the maintenance of capitalism by violence." The violence may be directed at the socialists and syndicalists, as was the case in Italy. It may be aimed at the Jewish race generally, in addition to the Marxists and liberals, as in Germany. In America, it would undoubtedly take on a Ku Klux mentality in southern areas, with negroes bearing the brunt of whip and faggot. But the form is only incidental to the aim of fascism, which is to "freeze" the capitalist structure of society, to change a dynamic balance between owners, whether absentee or otherwise, and employees into a static balance which, though it may prevent the development of new enterprise, at least keeps older "vested interests" from falling prey to a State under control of a proletariat.

Mr. Strachey has evidently written his book because of a challenge hurled at his head by Scott Nearing, that lone wolf of American communism who can neither live with the party nor without it. Mr. Nearing had objected that Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power" had not paid sufficient attention to the menace of fascism. In his own definition, Mr. Nearing has said that fascism represents an attempt on the part of the middle class to draw back from the stage of imperialist economy. Fascism, to Nearing, has the corollary of autarchy, of the attempt to become an economic self-sufficient unit. Nay, says Mr. Strachey, it means more imperialism, more war. Witness Mussolini's attitude towards birth control, witness his desire for a large population so that Italy may expand, by military conquest, beyond the confines of the "narrow but adorable" peninsula. And, for that matter, what about Herr Hitler's imitation of the Potsdam sword-rattling of old?

It seems to me that Mr. Strachey is superficial in his definition of fascism as being something put through by big business alone. He is right, of course, in his argument that industrialists, bankers, and large landed proprietors, make use of fascism to preserve their property and their incomes, but the ruling clique of most western countries would prefer, if possible, to get along under the democratic forms of government. Hjalmar Schacht cannot actually like Herr Hitler's company. Italian business men would, undoubtedly, prefer to continue on an individualist basis. Fascism represents straw clutching. And fascism is not yet ripe. No one knows whether it is a necessary phase of a revolutionary process that will ultimately result in economic democracy, or whether it is reactionary, leading backwards to a new feudalism. Hitler's string is not yet played out. Mussolini has had western bankers to lend Italy money, and wartime reparations to help out. The returns on fascism are not yet in.

But it seems to us that fascism, whatever its temporary end may be in a dictatorship of capitalists working behind the blind of some clown such as Huey Long, is definitely revolutionary in its original *élan*. Mr. Strachey doesn't pay sufficient attention to the psychological components of fascism. Is it "in the grain of things" so far as western, industrialized nations are concerned? Is it a phase of the Marxian dialectic? Is there anything to Max Nomad's saturnine portrait of Marx and Engels as the first fascists?

Personally, I hope not. As an emotional libertarian, the prospect of regimentation along fascist lines appalls me. But desires do not necessarily check with realities, and hopes are poor substitutes for good eyes. Mr. Strachey, in his contempt for men like Bernstein, who, in the interests of accuracy, added the "revisionist" theory to the literature of Marxism, does not explore the psychological background of depression society. If he will read Mauritz Hallgren's excellent "Seeds of Revolt," he will know what I mean.

For it is not what class a man belongs to that counts, but rather the class he thinks he belongs to. George Soule, writing a year or so ago, brought the "revisionist" theory of Bernstein up to date in terms of America. It is true, he admitted, that the proportion of western populations working for others is tending to increase. The small shopkeeper falls before the advance of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. But it is also true that "the industrial proletariat," as Marx thought of it, has tended to grow smaller and smaller as technological advance takes place. Workers in factories, in mines, on the railroads, in the mills, do not keep pace with the increase in population. But up to 1929 the

* *THE MENACE OF FASCISM. By John Strachey. New York: Covici, Friede.* 1933. $2.25.

This Week

FLUSH
By VIRGINIA WOOLF
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

ONE MORE RIVER
By JOHN GALSWORTHY
Reviewed by Homer E. Woodbridge

THE WOODS COLT
By THAMES WILLIAMSON
Reviewed by Stanley Vestal

TALIFER
By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS
By ROBINSON JEFFERS
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS
Translated by PEARL S. BUCK
Reviewed by Tai Jen

GRANULES FROM AN HOUR GLASS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH
By CALVIN B. HOOVER
Reviewed by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

Next Week or Later

THREE CITIES
By SHOLOM ASCH
Reviewed by Padraic Colum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

displaced people found themselves working, if they were lucky, as engineers, as accountants, as salesmen, as bookkeepers, clerks, minor executives. Customers men bloomed all over the lot. Governmental staffs grew unwieldy. Every college boy might aspire to sell enough insurance in a year to give him a small income for life. Overhead was on the rise. There were more barbers, more waiters, more elevator operators, more moving picture actors, more lifeguards at the bathing beaches, more legal racketeers, than ever before. The roads were literally overcrowded with service stations, each with one or more attendants. And not one of all this numerous tribe thought of himself as a member of the proletariat.

Of course, depression can work wonders with a man's ability to see himself as the poor worm he really is. Even Caspar Milquetoast, if he lost his job, might possibly end up as a class-conscious communist. But human beings must live by illusion. And fascism provides the illusion.

The illusion of fascism is that one can eat one's cake and have it, too. The member of the lower middle class, out of work now that his gasoline station has been

crowded out by chain servicing, has his "respectability" to consider. Yet he feels revolutionary. Those dirty bankers, promoting monopoly capitalism, they are the enemy. And so he shifts his vote from the Republicans to the Democrats in 1932, and to—what party in 1936? He wants something radically different from his present unemployment. Yet he doesn't want to be a Red. He wants to be radical, but with the cachet that he considers his psychological right.

So the fascists get him. Maybe the fascist leader isn't aware himself that he is really a bulwark of the old order. They all think they are going to get action "to fix things up." But they need money for party purposes. They must build an organization, finance a campaign. And the hated bankers, the execrated industrialists, have the money. The lower middle class merges with finance capitalism to put on a good show. The one feels definitely revolutionary, the other channels the revolutionary feeling to its own ends. It works by a sort of law of self-preservation.

But how can such a vague thing as fascism succeed? It must either break down into an industrial feudalism, or it must go ahead into a form of communism. For the market problem faces it, and, as Lawrence Dennis says, it is upon the market problem that modern capitalism is foundering. Fascism must sell its goods. It has workers to pay, bankers and bond holders clamoring for dividends, a debt upon which service is periodically due. If it can't sell enough at first, then a dictatorship that is intrenched can take it out on the least powerful within the framework of the so-called corporate state. It can limit wages, increase hours, eliminate social services. A docile public, thinking the means of its impoverishment are only temporary, will accept "temporary" cuts. But the time must come, under modern rationalization of industry, when even these cuts no longer suffice. The same race for foreign markets, for the privilege of lending surpluses at a profit, must go on, even with all nations under the fascist yoke. For the market problem still exists, even if "individualism" is circumscribed.

ADOLF HITLER
Caricature by Garretto, from The Tatler

Mr. Strachey, looking to the triumph of the classical Marxist "world" revolution, envisages a British Empire and a United States of America that will avoid the fascist phase of development. But his own analysis belies his hopes. Henry Hazlitt has pointed out that Strachey is a Spengler who can't see the doom he inevitably creates as the logical pendant to his books. Strachey calls upon British labor to use the mechanism of democracy to arrogate unto itself the highest possible wages, the best possible social services, the surest old age penions, and let the devil take the hindmost if all this breaks the back of British capitalism. But this is Spartan advice that can only appeal to a very small group of men. People don't live for posterity; they live from week to week. The object of each person, generally speaking, is to keep himself alive a little longer. Not everyone can be an ideologue, living on vision. The British Labor Party has gone men must be heroes if not suicides. And this means that fascism will have its chance. For fascism does not have to be courageous; it already has the advantage of position.

But there is hope for Mr. Strachey in some of the backward areas of the earth. Cuba would undoubtedly go communist if the American Navy would steam northward over the horizon. China, India, South America, Africa—here are areas that have no intrenched middle classes, no ex-service station proprietors who do not feel like proletarians, even though they may be only waiting for the breadline to form.

One would like to see Mr. Strachey play awhile with Trotsky's two laws, that of uneven development, and that of combined development. Communism got its first chance in Russia, says Trotsky, precisely because of Russia's unique position. Its industrialization was going along pretty well. But foreign capital was used to build and extend, and the local bourgeoisie was therefore weak. Foreigners had done the work for a local middle class. The fascist bulwark was therefore absent. The same must be true of Oriental countries now in the early throes of industrialization.

Is all this a nightmare? One would like to think so. One would like to see individual nations, or blocs of nations, solving their problems in peaceful fashion. But the market problem stares up at one. Maybe there is a new period of capitalist prosperity around the corner, with Americans selling to Russia on credit, and with other nations tagging along in the wake of renewed prosperity. But Mr. Roosevelt has got to pull a few rabbits out of his capacious hat pretty soon. Meanwhile fascism remains a "menace." The day the NRA clamps down on the unions, compelling them to accept whatever wage Washington may dictate instead of getting the most they can by their bargaining power, then we will know that fascism is here. For fascism, as Strachey says, is the "maintenance of capitalism by violence." The form is only incidental to the aim.

Lloyd George

(Continued from preceding page)

ought to be so good, you see,—and they are not good. You could do the thing better. But then you haven't had my memories. Of course not. But it would all be so easy for you people, just to arrange the thing, to jot it down, to get the proportions, the telling phrase. . . ."

"Yes," I answered, "but then a person of literary temperament wouldn't have had your courage in March of 1918. That was surely more important than any book of modern times. . . ."

He cocked his head at that. "You think so?" he asked eagerly, "that is what you think?" He seemed pleased. He became leonine. And then his head drooped and he began to pace again. "But there is Winston," he said, "now take Winston . . . His book I mean . . . I mean it's good writing, it's literature."

I assured him that I considered Mr. Winston Churchill to be one of the few unquestioned masters of English prose. That depressed him.

"It is all very odd . . ." he began. "You see. . . ."

I listened sympathetically. Obviously, I felt, this book of his must be very bad indeed. Poor splendid old man—but why on earth should he fuss about it? After all, if I were David Lloyd George. . . .

I have now read the book. It isn't bad at all. I mean, even as a book, it is crammed with personality. There are many pages together which are perfectly lucid: there are certain passages which are very well written indeed: and the whole thing throbs with that superb and exuberant vitality which makes Lloyd George, in our misty island, a fountain of perennial youth. And then, as a historical document, it is valuable beyond computation.

It must be difficult for any American to understand what exactly the British people feel about Lloyd George. No man has ever fallen between so many stools. To the conservative, he seems anathema: to the liberal, the demon incarnate: to the socialist, the worst thing that could ever have happened. He has [illegible] personal bitterness. Moreover Mr. Lloyd George does not hesitate to tell the truth. He does not pretend that Germany was solely responsible for the war. Nor does he pretend that the war was forced upon an unwilling democracy by the intrigues of diplomatists and bankers. "The elder statesmen," he writes, "did their feckless best to prevent war, whilst the youth of the rival countries were howling impatiently at their doors for immediate war." That is a truth which is apt to be forgotten. It is an important truth. Mr. Lloyd George is one of the few who have dared to utter it.

LLOYD GEORGE:
THE OLD AND THE YOUNG SELF
From Max Beerbohm's "Observations," Heinemann

I do not contend that these are among the best Memoirs published by the protagonists of the Great War. They have not the literary charm of Churchill, nor the meticulous documentation of Poincaré, nor yet the vivid personal interest of Colonel House's papers. Yet they are honorable, outspoken, and human. And as a contribution to history they are of course indispensable.

❧ ❧

Harold Nicolson, whose own volume "Peacemaking," an account of the Versailles Conference, has just appeared, has been a member of the British Diplomatic Service and of the Foreign Office, a delegate to the Peace Conference, a member of the League of Nations, and is a journalist and writer of note.

Yet if the American reader shows patience in face of this slight defect he will be amply rewarded. He will learn many things which will strike him as strange. He will learn that the British Cabinet, before the war, were kept in ignorance of Sir Edward Grey's vital commitments: he will learn that even after the war had started leading Cabinet Ministers knew little more of what was happening than did the man in the street. He will be astonished by the complacent optimism of the British Government in 1914, by the "incompetent complacencies" of the Generals in the year that followed. He will be delighted at the account given of the meeting between Asquith and Theodore Roosevelt, even as he will be amused by Mr. Balfour's confrontation with the working man. He will sympathize with the deep prejudice against all forms of privilege, the abiding passion for the under dog, which inspires all Mr. Lloyd George's emotions. He will be horrified and disgusted by those revelations on secret diplomacy which Mr. Lloyd George makes almost without a qualm. And he will close the book with the impression that he has been in personal intercourse with a man of abundant vitality and vision, a man curiously un-English in his restlessness and drive.

Ever been said about him is also true. Yet the worst is so trivial and transitory; and the best so superb. When once Lloyd George has passed into history we shall all drop flowers upon his cenotaph. For the moment we are deeply grateful to him; and terrified of what the little man may do next.

This, the first volume of his memoirs, deals with five main problems of the early stages of the war. There is first the origins of the war, with which Mr. Lloyd George deals intellectually and fairly. There is secondly the actual outbreak and his own preoccupations with the banking crisis induced in August 1914. Here we have valuable and instructive information. Then comes the story of the shell-shortage and the subsequent story of the Ministry of Munitions. Here again Mr. Lloyd George is unexpectedly impersonal and objective. We then have the political crisis which led to the first Coalition Cabinet in England. And finally an attack upon the soldiers for their preference for the Western as opposed to the Eastern school of strategy.

All this is the substance of important history. The main criticism which can be made against the book, as a work of literature, is that the proportions are not skilfully maintained. Clearly the story of the Ministry of Munitions, the account of its difficulties with the Trade Unions, is a valuable record. Yet it is not as valuable or important as Lloyd George's first excursions into diplomacy, his relations with Mr. Asquith, his estimate of Lord Kitchener, or his views upon allied strategy. Yet the latter subjects are dealt with in a few quick paragraphs, whereas to the Munitions Ministry he devotes far too many pages. This in itself may diminish the interest of this volume for the American reader. For him the controversies and squabbles of those distant days will seem parochial and temporary. He may well become impatient of Mr. Lloyd George's insistence on matters which, however vital at the time, or to Great Britain, were mere episodes in a war in which he himself was something far more than an episode.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elizabeth Barrett's Immortal Spaniel

FLUSH. A Biography. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.

FLUSH OF WIMPOLE STREET AND BROADWAY. By Flora Merrill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE authorities for a biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's famous golden cocker spaniel, "Flush," are few. Chiefly illuminating are Miss Barrett's and later Mrs. Browning's comments in her voluminous letters. These comments, almost all of them, Mrs. Woolf has worked into the fabric of her biography. It is scarcely necessary to say that anything written by this author is worth our closest attention. Her latest book is in the nature of a diversion, but no less well executed for all that.

Peculiarly enough, another book, not to be mentioned in the same breath as to literary merit, has just appeared, to illustrate a certain childish method that Mrs. Woolf quite naturally avoided. It is the *auto*biography of the little dog who acted the part of Flush in the company of Katharine Cornell when "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was given in America. Here the Spaniel speaks in the first person. And alas!—though this device is now thoroughly moss-bedraped, one cannot help noting that a writer of such admitted merit as Mr. Manuel Komroff is at this very moment presenting to the world "I, the Tiger," in which a *real* tiger speaks to you directly from the printed page. Tchk-tchk!

Mrs. Woolf, however, is an artist. She is not engaged in making Flush "cute." She attempts to live his life with him in retrospective imagination, as though her intelligence had assumed his limitations and she were as near to the ground as he. Consequently, she has succeeded in giving us a real dog, pointing out all that was beyond the periphery of his understanding, reinterpreting even some of his own mistress's judgments concerning him. For it turns out that Mrs. Browning, for all her love of Flush, was not a particularly keen observer of her faithful attendant. Addicted to fancies, she has left us a striking one, of the spaniel, in "Flush or Faunus?" But she did not possess the intuition of Mrs. Woolf, to enter into dog-nature and feel things as Flush felt them. She did not realize when the dog's spirit was hurt or, indeed, why he bit Mr. Browning. She did not even know, in another connection, that Flush was something of a snob!

Mrs. Woolf, aside from her interpretation of Flush's nature, the most interesting discussion of spaniel origins which begins the book, and that marvelous first paragraph at the end of section one—the likeness suddenly felt between Flush and his mistress,—aside from all this, the author has brought out saliently, in her account of Flush's kidnappings, the fact of the proximity of the most abhorrent slums to plethoric Wimpole Street in that dear old blind-as-a-bat Victorian era. Her one glimpse of Whitechapel, indeed, so impressed Mrs. Browning that she put a description of it in "Aurora Leigh." But the age regarded such phenomena as a natural visitation of God. So the beautiful romance of the Brownings flourished with destitution, starvation, and vice, just around the corner. But until Mankind come to their senses, that is likely to happen to any of us. Later on, in Italy, Mrs. Browning took to crystal-gazing and table-rapping. Flush's attitude toward this furnishes an interestingly rationalistic ending to Mrs. Woolf's book. Apparently she sturdily opposes the belief that sometimes animals may hear and see things of which human beings are unaware. Flush, unlike his mistress, was a realist.

To turn to Flora Merrill's story of the cocker spanel who got such good notices at the Empire Theatre, is to take up an amusing little book, chiefly of interest for the inserted excerpts from letters exchanged by the Brownings. In them one finds mentioned almost every incident that Mrs. Woolf has woven into her biography. But one continues to marvel at the dexterity with which the latter has used this material and how she has managed to clothe with real life the dry bones of anecdote. Yet—another finding must be reported. In Miss Merrill's rather amusing little account of the theatre dog, illustrated by the inimitably dog-conscious "Edwina," a Scottie named Kim, who is introduced as the pet of Mr. Guthrie McClintic, is made to tell the puppy who is to play the part of Flush that his prototype

> "was fat. And goodness knows, he had a right to be. In one of those books it tells how they gave him coffee and muffins, and macaroons and sugared cream. If they left out the sugar, he wouldn't touch it. He wouldn't eat cream cheese unless they put salt on it, and he wouldn't eat meat unless it was fed to him on a fork."

I fear these details are true. But Mrs. Woolf has seen fit to spare us any such utter disillusionment in her biography. She handles the matter of Flush's meals with sympathy and tact!

Last of the Cherrells

ONE MORE RIVER. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

IT seems unmannerly for a reviewer to find fault with the last novel of a dead author whose work for many years has given him great and lasting pleasure, especially when the author is one who, like Mr. Galsworthy, accepted criticism with gracious serenity. But it is no compliment to a writer to judge his work by a standard lower than his own best achievement; and compared with the Forsyte novels, or even with "Maid in Waiting" or "Flowering Wilderness," "One More River" is decidedly thin. Mr. Galsworthy may have felt that he owed it to his readers to finish in some way the story of his delightful heroine Dinny Cherrell; or perhaps the trilogy habit for the time being got the better of him. Whatever the cause, he spun the last novel of this trilogy out of pretty scanty material.

So far as Dinny is concerned, her adventures can be summed up in a sentence: after a fashion she gets over her passionate love affair with Wilfrid Desert, and marries, without much enthusiasm, an entirely worthy and correct but uninteresting barrister. Jane Austen might have found the stuff for a first-rate novel here; but for Mr. Galsworthy, who has always been more interested in the onset of love than in convalescence from it, Dinny's story was not enough. He therefore eked it out with the story of Clare, Dinny's younger sister, who, as readers of "Flowering Wilderness" may remember, married a middle-aged officer in the colonial service and went to Ceylon. It is Clare who is central in the plot of "One More River." Before the story opens, she has left her husband, who has turned out to be a sadistic brute, and returned to England. On the ship she has met Tony Croom, a penniless youngster who falls desperately in love with her. She keeps him at arm's length, but allows him to see her often; and her husband, returning to England in search of her, has her shadowed by detectives and obtains evidence enough to divorce her. Being technically innocent, she fights the case, partly because her family wish it, and partly to save her lover from punitive damages. The trial scenes give the story such climax as it has.

Here, one would say, is a theme more congenial to Mr. Galsworthy than Dinny's unromantic marriage; but none of the persons chiefly concerned in the situation interested him greatly. The result is that the story cannot stand on its own feet; it depends for most of its interest on a knowledge of the preceding books. We meet again and enjoy many old friends—Sir Lawrence and Lady Mont, Fleur Forsyte, Adrian and Hilary Cherrell. There are good scenes, and intimate pictures of town and country life; there is often admirable phrasing. But a reader who is approaching Mr. Galsworthy for the first time had better begin with some other book.

The Pre-Raphaelites

POOR SPLENDID WINGS. The Rossettis and Their Circle. By Frances Winwar. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $3.50.

DESPITE the rather sobbing title, this is a thoroughly intelligent re-creation of a glamorous period of English painting and poetry, and a book that presents the Pre-Raphaelites as vibrant human beings. Frances Winwar is a graphic writer and her evaluations are just, even though she seems to us just slightly to exaggerate the demonism of Swinburne. Perhaps not, however. He was truly demonic, being a genius. Her Holman Hunt emerges as he must have been, the one true Pre-Raphaelite, first, last, and all the time. One of the books we still dip into from time to time is the two-volume edition of Hunt's "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which is, of course, included in Miss Winwar's excellent bibliography, though it does not list Violet Hunt's in many ways remarkable "The Wife of Rossetti" which appeared last year. This is probably because in a review of that volume published in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for December 17, 1932, Miss Winwar took strong exception to Miss Hunt's dependence upon "chiefly oral" sources for her portrait of Rossetti, and pointed out that "in her desire to do Lizzie justice Miss Hunt has libelled one without whom the obscure little milliner's assistant would never have been heard of." It is a fact that Miss Hunt depended far too much upon her memories of what was said, far too little on documentation. And Miss Winwar's drawing of Elizabeth Siddall is indeed more trustworthy. Even at that, the impression is inescapable that the sufferings of the actual Miss Siddall—how needlessly cruel they seem!—could hardly have compensated her for any vision of a posthumous fame as the inspiration of one who shone as the head and front of Pre-Raphaelitism. However, one is certainly more inclined to trust Miss Winwar with the history of the Brotherhood than one is to rely on Miss Hunt's sensational pen. The truth is affecting enough.

They are all here "in the habit as they lived," Millais, all the Rossettis, Hunt, Woolner, Swinburne, Madox Brown, Ruskin, "Topsy" Morris, "Ned" Jones, James Coolinson, Elizabeth Siddall, Jane Burden—and those other striking figures outside the charmed circle, Whistler, and George Meredith. They are all here with their histories that had so much of the phenomenal about them that, under the spell of such vivid writing as Miss Winwar's, her book has much of the color of a fascinating work of fiction, though thoroughly true to fact. The life of Ruskin or of Swinburne, either one alone, is the strangest of studies.

The book is worthy of the Atlantic prize which it won. It is a vital chapter in the history of English art and literature. The Pre-Raphaelites accomplished a revolution in taste, slow though it was in coming, and a renaissance of art in one of its deadest periods. The splendid youth of the movement, the triumphs and the tragedies of the various lives that composed it, have here found a most exhilarating and moving chronicle.

ROSETTI'S BACK GARDEN*
From "The Poets' Corner," by Max Beerbohm. (Dodd, Mead)

* Swinburne and Watts-Dunton on the wall. Below, from left to right, Whistler, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Caine, Elizabeth Siddall, Morris, Ruskin. Behind Ruskin, Hunt and Gosse.

Caldwell's New Stories

WE ARE THE LIVING. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JEROME MELLQUIST

THIS book is an advance for Erskine Caldwell because it *feels* more than the books which preceded it. This should not be surprising. For the author of "God's Little Acre" has now and then shown elsewhere that he was capable of something much better than the coarse laughter, the tough social anger, and the apparently reckless horseplay of that book. Underneath, all the time the last four years, he has actually been rather shy—almost constrained—about expressing his more sensitive feelings.

Now he is tender enough to touch us. Especially in "The Empty Room," where no incident, or clash, or suspense, or bravado is there to help: a girl-wife has simply returned in the gray evening to the room where her recently buried husband used to sleep; she sits there, weeps softly, undresses, and suddenly cries out. That is all. Yet one is lonely with her. Another "message from the heart" is in "After-Image," where the narrator recalls how he boarded a ship, met a woman just deserted by the man she loved, went once to her cabin, and then stood at the rail—unprotesting—while she slipped overboard. You understand why, even though the haltings, repetitions, and apologies in the account lack meaning.

But when Mr. Caldwell adds symbolism to this type of story he is less direct, for it is as if the simple feeling were not enough by itself. We see a case of this sort in "Warm River." The young man's discovery of unfleshly love is soft and lyrical and cleansing as it is; so why the river and the dipping of his hands there afterwards? The experience justifies itself. A more dangerous weakness is Mr. Caldwell's tendency to become sentimental without sufficient substance to arouse or to support the emotion, as in "The First Autumn."

What of the sixteen remaining stories? To me the best of them is "August Afternoon," where Floyd a stranger dallies with Vic's wife while he tosses a long toad-stabber in his hand, and a negro speaks fearfully to Vic: there is something sultry and ominous here. The rest, I admit, have greater concreteness, clarity of outline, and sectional flavor than the stories of the more emotional sort; but too much is mere incident, local peculiarity, unpenetrated violence, or undirected humor. These stories seem hard in comparison with those mentioned earlier.

Yet stories of this type are being demanded more and more of this talented young writer. Will he resist this demand? And will he produce less rapidly? He owes this to himself—more, to that waiting stream of life which will flow more deeply if he will write from it always.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS ...*Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 12.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Literary Nationalism

If you cannot cure a disease, the next best is to try to prevent it from spreading. Now, whether a disease or a functional maladjustment, economic nationalism has epidemic characteristics. The modern world which has been dependent upon selling, clamors with many voices, "Buy British," "Buy American," "Buy French," "Buy Eskimo." Every nation wants to sell its surplus outside its borders, and no one wants to buy from foreigners. It is an economic paradox which leads direct toward the low-level living of, say, the eleventh century. The idea will spread.

One might hope that the jittery states which are tearing down the economic structure by which they live, would see where they are headed and turn. But it is not so simple as all that. Fear, whether of military or of economic force, is not easily dispelled by reason. And reason itself shows that there is more than fear in economic nationalism. Many authorities question whether capitalist imperialism can continue to pay the bills of progress, and believe that every country must create new markets within its borders by a redistribution of the rewards of production. This means temporarily a policy of isolation, which is also likely to result from the conditions which make the problems of the United States, Russia, and Great Britain so different from those of France, or of Central Europe. Thus it is probable that (barring the incalculable results of war) economic constriction will continue at least for the next decade and so will the intense localism of the national state. And accepting this, what will happen to literature, what will happen to science?

Only the blind or the foolish can expect that this epidemic will not spread beyond economics. It has spread. In Russia, and to a lesser degree in Italy, literature and especially the literature of ideas, has long been under a direct or an indirect censorship. In Jugo-Slavia a native is not allowed to board a foreign boat for fear that he will obtain forbidden reading matter. Germany has banned most of her best book of the last decade, and in an appeal published in the June *Die Neue Literatur* booksellers were urged to refuse to sell other German books which were neither Jewish, Pacifist, or Communist, but could not be *proved* to be helpful to the Nazi cause. The official spokesman declared only last month that the days of "free science" in Germany were done.

Europe must clean her own house. Our duty begins, at least, at home. And it is the clear duty of every intelligent American who respects his mind to think out this situation and take his stand. If the English-speaking mind is healthier in politics and in education and even in economics than the typical European mind today (and we believe profoundly that it is) the prevailing reason is the free circulation of the best books, which means the best ideas of the world, among us. We are so far neither self-satisfied like the better-balanced French, nor over-balanced by nationalistic passions like the Germans, nor obsessed with a recreation of society by force like the Russians.

Our respite is only temporary. As the tides of nationalism rise, the pressure will begin. We cannot wait for these tides to fall, as they surely will after the flood, for too much that is precious may be lost. Therefore it is the clear duty of every one who does not wish to see a new society, (no matter how economically just)—begin on a lower cultural level, to take his stand and to take it now. Free choice may not be left to us in economic change (who can tell?), but a choice in culture is ours. The individual, apparently helpless in the grip of economic forces, is not helpless in the pursuit of an idea, in the choice of a book. And let those who think that the resistance of individuals is futile in culture or religion or science, reread their history. Intellectual self-sufficiency in this country certainly means the ultimate sacrifice of our hard-worn modern culture to the ideas, the ideals, and worst of all, to the imagination, of whatever Ku Klux Klan becomes dominant.

Ring Lardner

Ring Lardner was one of those not uncommon writers whose success with a large public retarded the critical recognition of their literary importance. Mark Twain was another, and so perhaps was Shakespeare, although we make no comparisons with the latter. With Mark Twain the parallel was striking. Both men were essentially journalists; both were humorists of genius—which meant that the stupidity and the irony and the grimness of life was touched in their best works with personality, and so became human; both had a transcendent faculty for echoing the living speech of their times; both were uneven, working in a margin of careless writing; both created an America which was new, sufficiently true to fact, and entirely true to the imagination. Lardner can claim no such masterpiece of an age as was "Huckleberry Finn"; but his worst writing was incomparably better than Mark's worst, indeed his average was probably better than Mark's average. And we suspect that if his publishers can be persuaded to bring out a volume of carefully selected short stories, his best writing will prove to belong to the really important literature in English of this generation. He was worth a dozen suave English second-raters or serious-minded plodders through the American scene.

To those of the middle generation the arrival of Henri Barbusse in person last week must have given a thrill to memory. His "Le Feu" was the first of the war books which gave to the horror-struck reader some conception of the dirt, the fear, the savagery, and the depressive dulness of life in the trenches. And yet it was an intensely human book also, humorous, brave, and touching. It foreshadowed all that is best in the other now famous stories of the after-war gleaning.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. *Little, Brown.* The first volume of one of the essential war records.

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS. Translated by PEARL S. BUCK. *Day.* One of the great works of Chinese fiction.

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS. By ROBINSON JEFFERS. *Random House.* A narrative poem of dramatic nature.

This Less Recent Book:

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. *Holt.* The story of a young girl's entrance into life.

"I'M GOING TO EXPAND YOU INTO A FULL-LENGTH NOVEL"

To the Editor: *To the Defense of Wells and Walpole*

Is Pacifism Doomed?

Sir: I wonder if Mr. Lawrence Dennis, justifying his preference for twentieth century warfare in his review of "The Shape of Things to Come," is not motivated more by his own persuasive powers than by actualities?

Is modern warfare a "fundamental type of behavior?" There seem to have been wars in the past whose spirit was a healthy pugnacity. But is there anything healthy or progressive or productive of the "glory" of a country in the phenomenon of civilized beings, fed by wholesale doses of sensational propaganda, going forth to drop bombs of poison gas which will effect the long-range murder of the greatest possible number of men, women, and children designated as the "enemy?"

Can it be possible that the devastation and subsequent distress of the last conflict have not yet shown us that modern warfare is not the road to universal employment and plenty and the solution of national problems generally?

And what a superb paradox—"Those who stress the contribution of modern technology to the terrors of present-day war usually fail to take into account the compensating contributions of the same technology to human comfort and welfare during modern wars." Modern efficiency believes in trying to offset its blunders! It may kill several thousand people in the morning but it is busy all afternoon in giving expert medical aid to those who are in agony due to some slight failure of technical precision.

Mr. Dennis's contention of the fallacy in Wells's belief in the power of the intellectualism of peace to prevail over the emotionalism of war seems to me misconstrued. This belief does not, as he asserts, assume that emotion and intellect are separately functioning springs of action. It does, however, show Mr. Wells among those who hold to their faith in the capacity of intelligence to pull in the reins before misguided and exploited emotions carry us over the precipice of race suicide.

F. A. POWERS.

Montclair, New Jersey

Mountebank Credit

Sir: I was one of the select circle who attended that famous lecture given by Sinclair Lewis at The Town Hall, in New York, some years ago, when he bade his listeners to turn from our fashion of catering to British authors, asserting that our cringing attitude was sickening, and that we had plenty of native authors worth commending. This was before Lewis became famous, yet there is a lot in what he said. Our lecture halls are filled when second rate British authors condescend to give us impressions of the jolly old U. S. A. In London one couldn't draw a baker's dozen as an audience. Our critics give British authors far more space than is granted to American writers. It is otherwise in England.

Yet—there is another side of the picture. I believe that American writers should be treated with courtesy in British publications,—and given the same serious consideration in American literary journals as our cousins from over-seas. British authors have always been treated seriously; yet one of the better known, Hugh Walpole, is spoken of so insultingly in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, for September 16, in an article by George Dangerfield, that I am not so insular that I fail to read the remark without resentment. Says Mr. Dangerfield: "The Herries saga as a whole may not last very long; most of it was written by a literary mountebank—the best of his kind, to be sure, but still a mountebank." A synonym for quack, charlatan, cheat, fraud. Now, I maintain, this isn't literary criticism, but an exhibition of venom and bad taste. Biased though I may be in wishing American authors to be more appreciated at home and abroad, I do not wish this at the risk of an American reviewer leaping the bounds of good taste in so attacking an admirable British novelist.

JOHN WILSTACH.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

As it happens, Mr. Dangerfield is an Englishman.—The Editor.

Church Militant

Sir: I wish to express my surprise over your publishing Felix Morrow's review of "The March of Faith," by Garrison, in your issue of Sept. 9. This is not so much a review as a palpably prejudiced attack on the American Church. There may be room for a difference of opinion as to the attitude of American churches during the World War, but any one who is capable of characterizing their support of the U. S. Government and the Allies as "jingoism" is incapable of passing upon their function and purpose in any field. The review abounds in sarcastic, not to say splenetic allusions of this nature, and appears to me unworthy of the *Saturday Review*. I once heard another man by the name of Morrow, the distinguished statesman who managed to be a good christian and a good capitalist at the same time, remark that, as a result of a long experience, when it came to the passing of judgment upon men, measures, or movements, he divided all men into two classes: those who reached their conclusion as the result of an open and impartial mind, and those who followed some hunch. And he added that rarely did he find a man of the former sort. I am glad to say that rarely do I find a writer in the *Saturday Review* of the latter sort. But this time you certainly made a slip.

CORNELIUS H. PATTON.

Hartford, Conn.

A. B. Frost

Sir: With full sanction and aid from his family I am gathering material for a first volume on the late A. B. Frost, illustrator, humorist, and artist of sport.

Any information as to the whereabouts of letters from Mr. Frost, or of his more important original drawings (especially those of hunting or fishing scenes) will be greatly appreciated; and of course any material entrusted for copying will be handled with great care and, if desired, insured against loss or accident.

Unequalled in his own lines among American illustrators, Frost is a figure significant enough in our development to warrant a biographer's hope for coöperation from owners of his work or correspondence—to help accomplish an adequate presentation.

HENRY W. LANIER.

16 Gramercy Park, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hill-Billy of the Ozarks

THE WOODS COLT, A Novel of the Ozark Hills. By Thames Williamson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

THE hill-billy of the Ozarks has long proved a tempting subject for writers of regional fiction, and novelists have not been lacking who attempted a picture of the mores and the natives of this stronghold of a primitive American culture. The crude manners, the grotesque superstitions, the "old-time religion," the pioneer virtues, and especially the Shakespearean speech of these unreconstructed mountaineers have offered rich prize to the writer. And the obviously unbroken tradition going back to England and the first English settlements upon American soil have strongly appealed to all those of antiquarian or literary tastes. Here is something genuinely our own, unspoiled, and as ancient as anything European can be on this continent.

It is always a pleasure to pick up a book on the mountaineers; one is hopeful that this time it may do the trick. For, if the truth be told, most of the novels have failed to be convincing, whether because they were too literary, too antiquarian, or written by an author who was slumming, or at least condescending. Most of these books lacked inwards.

Mr. Thames Williamson has left them all at the post in "The Woods Colt." His book is remarkable in its kind, and excellent in many ways—quite the best novel on the Ozarks of which we have knowledge. And this is due to his skill as an artist, and his fine masculine sensitiveness to the materials he handles. He has taken great pains to be authentic, and not content with his own knowledge, has called in as a critic no less an authority than Mr. Vance Randolph, whose books on the hill-billies in another kind are so well and favorably known. "The Woods Colt" is probably as nearly "regionally perfect" as a piece of fiction can be. Yet the mores are not dragged in pedantically, or to instruct the reader; every one of the references to Ozark custom is a cog in the plot, and helps the story and the characterization forward. Every one of the native types portrayed—and how they are portrayed—is introduced to further the action. They appear in great variety, and are sketched with a few significant strokes, a most satisfying economy of means. The incidents also, though good, strong dramatic ones, are such as might readily happen in the life and death of such an outcast as the woods colt hero, who gives his name to the book. For, as the author informs the uninstructed reader on the fly-leaf, "a woods colt is what you-uns call a bastard, only our way of sayin' it is more decent. More natural-like, too; kind of wild and bred in the hills and the devil be damned, somethin' that-a-way."

With such a hero, two gals, a treacherous rival, a trouble-making friend, an irate father, a moribund feud, sundry "furriners," revenuers, sheriffs, and barrels of moonshine, the author distils a heady draught of believable adventure. It is the sort of book one reads at a single sitting. A thoroughly workmanlike job, just as a story.

But the glory of the book is its style. Mr. Williamson has used the mountain idiom throughout. He has brought the lilt of the play-party and the folk-song in constantly, but only where it served his purpose. He has not gone literary, or made his people a race of sure-fire poets. The rigid, bare, primitive, savage, intolerant life of the hill-billy is not glossed over or poeticized. The poetry in the book is not faked, and the idiom is not overdone. "Hit jest comes natural," as one of the characters might say. The author makes it his own.

Mr. Williamson has the secret of throwing himself into the life he describes, as in his book on Mexico. As a rule, the literary men who crave and seek something primitive are somewhat lacking in virility, their palates are jaded, they really have no taste for raw meat. But Mr. Williamson writes with virility; one feels that the adventures of his hero might, under certain circumstances, be possible for him. He accepts the world he portrays as a reality: it is, for him, neither a museum-piece nor a peepshow. "The Woods Colt" is one of the best regional novels of our time. It is illustrated admirably with woodcuts by Raymond Bishop.

WOODCUT BY RAYMOND BISHOP FOR "THE WOODS COLT"

Wise and Wicked

TALIFER. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $1.75.

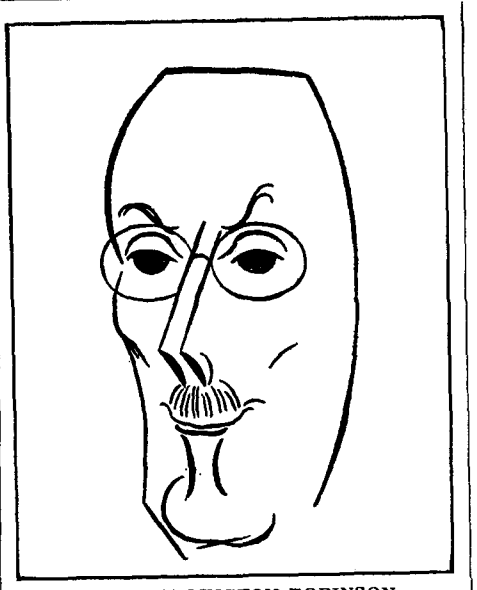
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

"TALIFER" is the happiest of all Robinson's longer poems—and it is also the best. It is, furthermore, the easiest to read, less knotty in dialectic, less gnarled in diction than most of the lengthier pieces. This ease is communicated at the very opening of the poem with its striking metaphor:

> Althea, like a white bird left alone
> In a still cage of leaves and memories—

and it is reinforced by the direct progress of the narrative. There is no fumbling of detail, no faltering of effect in these scant hundred pages.

The story itself is simpler than most of Robinson's later works. Instead of the usual triangle, there is a quadrangle—or, to be more literal, a quartet with one dissonant player. There is, first of all, Althea, a combination of white bird and impatient Griselda, who loves Talifer and was to have married him. Talifer, "a rather splendid sort of ass," turns from Althea to Karen who, inheriting "a face and little else than a cool brain," is not so much in love with Talifer as she is bent on having him because Althea has him. She succeeds, and Talifer, being neither as strong as Fate or Karen, marries her, believing that Karen spells Peace—with an underlined capital. Within a year he is disillusioned. Doctor Quick, his good friend and Althea's faithful slave, acts partly as counsel, partly as Greek chorus; yet it is not Quick but "Time and Events" which quite fortuitously separate Talifer from the beautiful basilisk and bring him back to Althea who has acquired, in the tense



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
A caricature by Eva Herrmann, from "On Parade," Coward-McCann

interval, a sense of comedy instead of the expected tragedy. The ending as indicated, is a happy one—something of a departure for the grim author of "Matthias at the Door" and "The Glory of the Nightingales." There is even a child—the first appearance, I believe, of an infant in any of Robinson's dramas of marital maladjustment.

This crude recital of the plot of "Talifer" does great injustice to the work as a poem. For it is as poetry, not as a versified play, that "Talifer" is important. It marks a return to Robinson's nimbler manner, his neat astringency, his uncanny skill as dramatist and dissector. He is still fond of the sentence that turns upon itself, still given to the circumlocutory monologue which results in passages like:

> . . . For in every heart,
> I fear, there lives a wish that has a life
> longer than hope; and it is better
> there
> Than an undying lie, and is far safer,
> And has more kindness in it. If I felt
> Or feared in this the presence of a loose
> And easy reasoning, I should not be
> happy;
> And surely not, so far as I'm the measure,
> The happiest man alive. But even the
> first
> Among the chosen of the undeserving
> May wish there were no price of pain
> for those
> Who may not be forgotten. . . .

But the poem is far more stripped, the narrative far more active, than such an excerpt would promise. There is a teasing humor throughout, a rallying irony which recalls the earlier Robinson, the Robinson of "John Gorham" and "Bewick Finzer" and "Miniver Cheevy." It is extended throughout the concluding section of the book, but it is in almost all of Doctor Quick's speeches. Even the connubial scene does not inhibit him.

> "An anniversary nap,"
> Quick said, "is always a brave evidence.
> It argues that a year of discipline
> Has not undone the present or laid
> waste
> The future. You will live for a long time
> And may as well prepare."

It is because of his gallery of portraits that Robinson will be longest remembered, and here he has added four more full-length figures to an already crowded collection. It is hard to forget the blundering and bewildered Talifer, the rewarding Althea, the whimsical and wise Doctor Quick; hardest of all to forget Karen, that "sphinx-eyed Greek-reading Lorelei, or philosophic siren," whom Robinson reveals with joyful malice and leaves to her own divorces in a university town with

> Dons following her like dogs, and ancient sages
> With a last gleam of evil in their eyes.
> Watching her and forgetting their arthritis.
> Your father, free and far away from her,
> Forgives her—and, as long as his remittance
> Has wings, she will have paradise in the bank.

It is a fine blend of sadness and satire which individualizes "Talifer," a strange combination of pity and pungency, of elaborate analysis and incisive phrase. It could be managed by no other American than Edwin Arlington Robinson—and not too often by him.

Sigrid Undset Writes of a Broken Marriage

IDA ELISABETH. By Sigrid Undset. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON.

LIKE the last two books of Sigrid Undset, this is a polemic, and a good one. There is still a good deal of truth in Georg Brandes's saying that a literature lives when it has social problems to discuss—as witness this book and the last decade in America. Twice before Sigrid Undset has dealt with the religious life in the modern world; now she has turned to seek enduring bonds supporting marriage behind the obvious ones of religion—perhaps substantiating them.

Ida Elisabeth, divorced from a moronic and idle husband with her two children in her care, refuses to marry again: one of her children is backward and sensitive and Ida Elisabeth feels that she has no right to withdraw from him the affection that he demands or to share it with another. This summary (like all summaries an unfair method of criticism) bears all the marks of that class of novels written with the definite "purpose" of exposing something, proving something, or accomplishing something. The dice are loaded to make the issue clearer. What could be clearer than the need for divorce from a moron who not only could not support his wife, but hindered her efforts to support him? What greater coincidence than to have the divorced husband come to die of tuberculosis in the town in which his former wife is contemplating an immediate marriage?

But one must go softly in making such assumptions; there was a man named Ibsen of the same people as Sigrid Undset who set the world by the ears with social dramas a half century ago—dramas that still have an enormous vitality and sufficient complexity underlying the surface polemic to set people quarreling. Perhaps any great author unconsciously sees more deeply than he comprehends and records more than he realizes. Thus the "Doll's House" becomes not merely a blow for woman's freedom under Wiegand's criticism, but a savage attack on the woman who prefers to wield the undoubted weapons of her sex, beneath which Torvald endured inglorious defeat.

Sigrid Undset belongs to that great breed of authors to whom the characters seem to dictate their life stories—singularly significant characters—to be sure, and life histories modeled on the austerely tragic, but none the less stories that throw a new light on this everyday business of living. Compare in the light of these remarks the novel "Ida Elisabeth" with a recent American novel concerned with the freedom of women ("Ann Vickers") and note the different emphasis: in the American novel against a firmly conceived and vigorously detailed background the main figure moves jerkily and unconvincingly; she has no life apart from the succession of incidents through which she is forced. The author has created her to serve the purpose of a white-hot social indignation, and she has been forced through the cauldrons he has prepared for her. In the Norwegian novel the small-town life is only here and there indicated; the drabness and monotony of a little fjord village is lost sight of in the overwhelming drama that the main character is living through (it is an overwhelming drama to her, at least), and it is only through her eyes that we see the things about her, surroundings vitalized only by their importance to her. Before this conception the incongruities of the plot melt away; they even acquire a specific interest as events in the life of this particular woman. So there remains the story of a certain woman as real as one's next door neighbor, and an intimate knowledge of her life impossible outside of fiction. Given this particular woman, events have a definite logic about them, but not necessarily only one meaning. Perhaps it sums up the story to say that people can quarrel as eagerly about the fate of Ida Elisabeth as I have heard them quarrel about that of Kristin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

North of Hollywood

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random House. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

ROBINSON JEFFERS lives on that Pacific Coast which for good and for ill has so powerfully stirred the American imagination; he draws his themes from a territory of the imagination (a region of strong and often morbid sensation) which lies nearer to California than to any other mundane state; indeed he is one of those poets, and they are not the least important, whose work is an emanation from an environment definitely geographical as well as spiritual, and an interpretation of Nature in a way which Wordsworth and Emerson would have understood. His poetry, which is certainly major at its best, stands apart from cults and schools. It is as untroubled by the intellectualisms of the metaphysical school as the mist-wreathed, sun-baked slopes of the California foothills. The passion for perfection of the imagist, and also his reticence before the common passions of humanity, are unknown to it; like California, it is made up of masses where fineness of detail is lost in the sensationalism of vio-

ROBINSON JEFFERS

lent contrast. But it escapes even less than the metaphysics of T. S. Eliot from the current implications of this troubled period. Indeed, like so many of the best novels of our time, its uncritical inclusiveness makes it a better register of the Zeitgeist than work more withdrawn into the inner rooms of the scholar's or the esthete's mind.

Now Jeffers has been known as a poet of cruelty and horror, who has celebrated in dramatic narrative, sensational to the point of melodrama, the harsh incoherences between man's expectancy and his fate. The inhumanity of his monotonously beautiful coast seemed to weigh upon him until, ignoring its cities and bungalows, he peopled the empty cañons of its wildernesses with figures in which perverted passions broke through suppressions into blood and fire. His rather loose verse took on aspects of grandeur as it lifted the mountains and the sea to a plane of wild imagination, then too often broke into sensationalism as the passions and despairs of his homely people were unloosed, like hopeless souls of sinners in some old illuminated manuscript, writhing toward the eternal pit.

His cruelty, his almost brutal pessimism, has been in close accord with the spirit of the newer American novelists, although the difference in style, and especially in subject matter, has obscured the resemblance. The readers who rushed for Hemingway or Faulkner, have hesitated before the poet's lift out of realism into a superworld as heroic as a Wagner drama. But relative neglect does not imply lesser significance.

Jeffers's new book is called "Give Your Heart to the Hawks, and Other Poems." The poet, he says in "Triad," is one whose affair is "to awake dangerous images and call the hawks." Like science he feeds the future, he serves God,

> Who is very beautiful, but hardly a friend of humanity.

How often when writers of our cheerful race (Poe, Melville, O'Neill) look into the depths they find God to be no friend of humanity! The God of Jeffers approves of stoicism. His title poem, a battle of souls in a mist of blood, differs from the relentless poems of his past in that stoicism wins through at the end, when the genial optimism of our progressive period and the laissez-faire of conventional act and orthodox religion have all been defeated. That poem begins on what might be called the 1929 levels of familiar experience. "Under the vast calm vaulting glory of the afterglow," a drunken party is under way on a wild and lovely California beach. It mounts into vulgar horseplay and sexual desire, while undercurrents of finer emotions sweep through the protagonists, hot contraband liquor not sufficing to quench the consciousness of the "enormous peace of the sea," and the cruel beauty of the cliffs overhanging. Then in a release from inhibitions, retarded action breaks out of the subconscious where it has long been willed. There is adultery, murder—a brother kills a brother, and a guilty wife begins a long struggle to save her guilty husband from moral disintegration.

Now, as after the easy self-indulgences of the twenties, the characters in this story face realities they had ignored. Life drops from the happy commonplace into horrid depths; the old human struggle, familiar in starker eras, begins again.

Give your heart to the hawks, says the young wife caught in casual adultery, to her husband who has killed his brother, the courts will only free your body, conquer your own remorses, and trust nature which is beautiful and of which perversions, like you and me, are only a part. The hawks of nature feed the future, thus serving God, and for that you must endure. When deep passions are stirred, the easy compounding with error which serves Hollywood and the bungalows is a way to destroy the soul.

Tortured by inarticulate remorse, driven by her will, the husband tries to rely on a self which in the easy days has never met spiritual emergencies. He fights against nature, he fights literally against the hawks which carry his wife's symbolism. The poem sways between a majestic beauty of encompassing landscape where the décor is a vital part of a human story (in this how often do Americans fail!), and a battle of minds, made morbidly concrete in bloody circumstances, where the brute creature lifted by his wife's will toward self-reliance smashes and kills as he slips back toward convention, superstition, self-pity, and mere despair. She loses him, of course; in the moment of his yielding he kills himself because he cannot "peel off" his humanness, rise to her belief that all human feelings, repentance, and bloodthirst too, are not very important in so vast a world. Her will and the unborn child she has forced from him remain. The poem ends, unlike Jeffers, in a stoic triumph for those who are free of a world that believed God cared for its pleasure—for those "more hawk than human."

And it is recorded here not only for its current moral significance but for the extraordinary beauty of its descriptive verse, its skilful blending of the familiar and exalted, which suits the changed temper of a new day that is repelled by mere heroics yet craves a lift above realism, and for the singularity of sadistic cruelty, spiritual torture, revealed and resolved in a culture which has given us gold, oranges, sentimental movies, the open-air life—and now this. But it is recorded particularly for its moral significance, since here is an American poet who, while Hollywood danced and Los Angeles sold real estate below him and San Francisco played the market above, like some morbid Hebrew prophet saw visions of blood and disaster on his mountains, and now that the iron has crushed the soul of so many pleasant illusions, seems perversely to have felt the strength of will, the depth of energy, behind the aimless scurry of American life, and has made a woman the symbol of the anti-defeatism of a race that, even if God is no friend of humanity, will accept the rigors of nature, seeing its grandeurs, and fight on toward a future.

Is this too metaphysical an interpretation of a poem of adultery, murder, and the fruits of remorse? Murder has supplied the trivial reading of Americans for a decade now; we murder more freely than other races; violence is in our blood, mixed with benevolence and a restless energy; here is a murder story (like Browning's) intended to hold the mirror up to nature—the inhuman nature of the hills, the too human nature beneath the superficialities of the American scene. Malicious critics will say that Jeffers and O'Neill should sit telling old tales together with a pool of blood between them. But good-natured peoples go to excess when they feel deeply. In spite of its morbidity, and perhaps because of it, here is a poem that troubles the water as if there passed by some angel of judgment.

A Chinese Classic

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS. (Shui Hu Chuan.) Translated by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. 2 vols. $6.

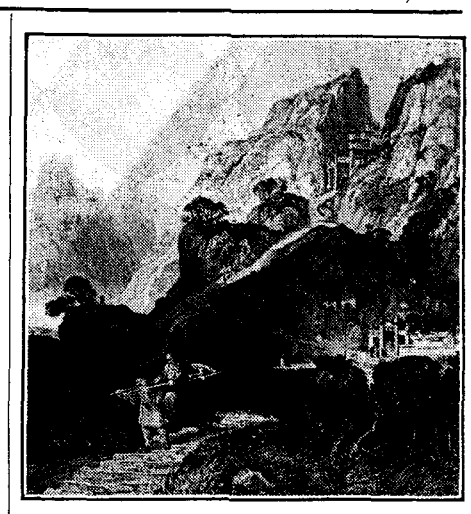
Reviewed by TAI JEN

Editor's Note—Mrs. Buck's translation of one of the great works of Chinese fiction makes available in English a book that should go into every gentleman's library along with other classics. It is a work of impressive character, lengthy, panoramic, full of life and color, a narrative that contains a hundred stories and paints a picture of a civilization. Today when China is once again as it has so often been in its long history, infested with bandits, its tale of a band of outlaws who make their lair in the mountains and prey upon the wealthy often for the benefit of the poor, has a timeliness that makes it as much a contemporary as a historical novel. It is a book that can be dipped into at random, for wherever the page is turned there sweeps across it that pageant of Chinese life which more than its individual incidents lends the work its character. It is a motley, lively, populous world that is revealed, running the gamut of humanity, rich and picturesque in its blend of vigorous incident and varied personality. Mrs. Buck has translated the original into flowing and animated English. Of the qualities of the work in the Chinese and the sources of the story we leave it to Mr. Tai Jen, who is steeped in the classic of his country, to speak.

THIS is a representative translation of the great Chinese novel, "Shui Hu Chuan." In view of the exceeding difficulty of rendering the work into English, Mrs. Buck has done a beautiful job. She has at last brought to the English reading public one of the world's greatest novels in its true light.

There are, of course, a few flaws which to mention here is my duty both to Mrs. Buck and the novel. First, the title, "All Men Are Brothers," is too general, too far fetched. I agree with Mrs. Buck that a literal translation of the original title would give "an unjust impression of the book" to the English reading public. I also agree with her that since the spirit of brotherhood is one of the essential facts of the novel, the use of this Confucian saying as its title has ample justification. But, as Mrs. Buck must know, the spirit that motivates the book is that of Robin Hood, of robbing and killing for the cause of justice and righteousness; and would have been more accurately conveyed by a title like The Righteous Brigand, A Brotherhood of Righteous Robbers, or simply by Liang Shan Po, The Robbers' Lair. Secondly the setting of the story is laid in the twelfth century during the reign of Emperor Hwei Chung, not in the thirteenth century as Mrs. Buck states in the introduction. Thirdly, there are here and there little phrases not quite properly rendered which, I hope, Mrs. Buck will rewrite later. Finally, her verse renderings are far less satisfactory than her prose renderings.

Thirty-six of the hundred and eight characters who figure in the novel were actual historical robbers who terrorized both the people and government toward the end of Northern Sung Dynasty. The



FOOT OF THE TOO-HING, PROVINCE OF SHEN-SI

novel is a weaving together of many stories about them by writers of Southern Sung and Yuan Dynasties and of tales current among the people of the times. It represents more than two centuries of longing on the part of a suffering people, denied championship from other sources, for the leadership of a Robin Hood, or Robin Hoods, to free them from the iron hand of corrupt government, foreign invaders, and alien rulers. It is a hysterical outcry for justice, righteousness, equality, and fraternity, by the people of the Southern Sung and Yuan Dynasties, and perhaps, by the age-long, suffering Chinese.

According to the critic, Dr. Hu Shih, the novel is the crystallization over a period of four hundred years, that is, from about the middle of the twelfth century to the last decade of the fifteenth century, of the story of Liang Shan Po, the robbers' lair. The chief grounds on which he bases this belief are that the somewhat immature literary technique and imaginative power of the Yuan Dynasty writers could not have produced such a great novel as "Shui Hu Chuan" and that its final form must, therefore, have been given it sometime during the early part of the middle of Ming Dynasty by some unknown writer who, for political reasons, assumed the pen name of Sse Nai-an. But Dr. Hu Shih forgets first, that literature follows no definite laws but may swing from better to worse, later works on a particular theme being less good on occasions than earlier. And second, he forgets that if this novel does represent a sort of popular yearning for justice, righteousness, peace, freedom, and racial awakening there could have been no time better for its advent than toward the end of Yuan Dynasty when the Chinese people were suffering uprisings in addition to alien oppression. The question remains, however, as to whether or not the literary genius of the period of the Yuan Dynasty was mature enough to produce this novel. I see no reason to question the literary technique and imaginative power of the writers of the era. We must remember that when the dramatic poets of the Yuan Dynasty, like Kao Wen Siu, were writing about the stories of these robbers, they wrote without the main intention of creating characters or presenting pageants of tragic life. They preferred to paint the atmosphere rather than to depict characters. This is merely a choice of pattern and execution.

"Shui Hu Chuan" is not only popular in China but also in Japan, and the Japanese have paid the highest tributes to it by their admirable imitations and valuable researches. There is no doubt that "Shui Hu Chuan" is one of the greatest monuments of Chinese literature and there is no doubt that that "Shui Hu Chuan" and "The Dream of the Red Chamber" are the greatest of all Chinese novels and two of the greatest of the world's novels. Both are pageants of Chinese life and in them we see all sorts of Chinese people passing before our eyes and remaining forever vivid in our imagination. Both are supreme in characterization and in creating atmosphere. Both are written in the vernacular language but each represents a different world; while "Shui Hu Chuan" presents to us a world of blood and strife, "The Dream of the Red Chamber" presents to us a world of powder and paint. Would Mrs. Buck like to translate "The Dream of the Red Chamber," too?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Granules From An Hour Glass

INDIAN SUMMER

The benches in the park are warm,
Just comfortably wide the slats are—
The loafer finds they fit his form
And thinks how happy dogs and cats are.

The benches in the park are warm,
And so the loafer's noonday glee is
To feel them underprop his form:
They're curved abaft the same as he is.
Benches are cool along the slits,
But still he sits and sits and sits.

D. D.

I have no notion how the Pulitzer Prize committee on journalism performs its task. But I hope it may have noticed the dispatches by William L. Laurence to the New York Times reporting the scientific meetings held in Chicago last summer. I may have missed others of equal value, but there were three in particular that seemed to me of notable importance. June 26, *Life Is Merely Dreamed, New Nerve Theory Holds.*—September 8, *Patriotism Viewed As Mild Nostalgia.* (But is it always so mild?)—September 14, *New 'Tree of Life' Found By Chemists.*—The ideas suggested by these news stories are a necessary part of any thoughtful person's picture of the world.

Two men died lately both of whom would have scoffed at being called "literary"; both had fertilizing influence on American writing. Of Ring Lardner much has been said. He was in the richest American tradition—the sad-faced humorist; the humorist who is really funny. Even those whose stuffing he slit were often unaware of the puncture until their friends called their attention to a trickle of sawdust. I never heard of Ring Lardner attending a "literary" tea, nor of his first editions being listed as collectors' trove; but the fat jowls of American comedy have been shaved by no keener blade in our time.

Round-Up, the volume in which his short stories were collected, is a Must item for any intelligent shelf of Americana. I only wish it included the immortal preface to *How to Write Short Stories.*

The other man, about whom I see nothing in the bookish journals, was Sime Silverman, the founder and genius of *Variety.* In that brilliantly honest theatrical weekly he invented and encouraged a journalistic technique never excelled. He and his muggs, as they love to call themselves, sentimentalists all, made the professional inside stuff of a few blocks along Broadway the argot of a nation. The quidnuncs and paragraphers liked to suppose it something new; but the spirit behind *Variety* is old authentic Bankside and Drury Lane. Shakespeare and Garrick, Sheridan and Shaw, would all have understood it. It is expert, vivid, brief; has no favorites, no sacred cows. I have often remarked here that nowhere in the literary world is there criticism so pungent, so joyously brisk, so strictly based on professional considerations. It is quite useless for outsiders to stand in line to read the paper (as they once did at the Boston Public Library) for they would understand very little of it. I remember Walter de la Mare's sombre perplexity when I gave him a copy to read.

Such journals as *Time* (which has invented a manner all its own) were very likely born out of Sime, even if they didn't know it. Perhaps also *The New Yorker.* He taught his muggs how to tell a story—here's a flash from his obit:—

When on the second floor of the Broadway and 45th Street corner, a striking White Rats actor took a shot at Sime through the window. He was sitting at his rolltop desk with his back in direct vision. It was a bum revolver shot, but it came through the *Variety* window and the boys ducked. Sime continued editing his copy seemingly undisturbed. He had seen the actor. He was coming by in a hansom cab, in itself unusual in 1919. The cab was shaking. The aim was poor. Sime felt there wouldn't be a No. 2 shot anyway. If there were, it would still be a bum shot. He knew who the man was but never told.

SIME SILVERMAN

Writing begins by imitation, as Stevenson made plain in a famous passage. Lots of us in my generation began by imitating Stevenson himself; in my own case I followed that by some educative paraphrase of Belloc, Don Marquis and Simeon Strunsky. H. M. Tomlinson modelled himself on Thoreau. C. E. Montague—whose *A Writer's Notes on His Trade* is one of the few textbooks worth reading—was packed with Shakespeare. Wherever his prose bursts open it shows the glint of Shakespeare underneath. The younger lot nowadays are more likely to borrow unconsciously from Sime Silverman, or from Sime's great artificer of idiom, the late Jack Conway. It doesn't matter so much from whom you borrow if you pay it back.

"Old man Wellman knew how to make pipe tobacco. —— is packed in a sensible, soft foil pouch—easy to carry—and it keeps the tobacco just like it left the factory"—A newspaper advertisement.

But what about Old Man Wellman's English?

The query (Book in Perambulator) suggested in the Bowling Green of September 9 was first correctly answered by Petrina Phoenix, Brooklyn. To satisfy various inquiries I should state that the book in question was *The Haunted Bookshop.*

What F. P. A. calls Commercial Candor was exhibited in a Saks-Fifth-Avenue advertisement the other day which reprinted in facsimile a letter from a manufacturer of cigar lighters. "Our engineers have improved this lighter to such an extent that it will now light 500 cigarettes without replacing the cap, instead of only 3 or 4."

The Bowling Green is no collector of epitaphs, but cannot resist one which a correspondent says he found in a graveyard in Birmingham—not Alabama, but England:—

Here lies the mother of children seven
Four on earth and three in heaven;
The three in heaven preferring rather
To die with mother than live with father.

☞The effect of childhood reading is very lasting. Once I read some story in which a barefoot Irish colleen sat on a doorstep eating baked potatoes with salt, and drinking milk. It was pointed out how brave and uncomplaining she was to endure on such simple fare. But it gave me an appetite for just that grub; and still, in spite of all warnings, I find them the best midnight supper I know.—Similarly there is nothing in French literature that pleases me more than *La Mère Michel et Son Chat* and *L'Abbé Constantin.* ☞I liked David McCord's description (on a postal card) of Grand Pré (N. S.) and neighborhood. "The Evangeline Pays-Bas," he says, "very lovely and curious, with 6-ton tramps rising out of the well-dyked daisy fields."—My notion is that by "tramps" he means rocks that look like the hulls of ships. ☞I have never seen finer color-printing than in *Colour Schemes for the Modern Home* by Derek Patmore (Studio Publications, $4.50). There are 24 plates of modernist interiors .Architects, decorators and lovers of any kind of sparkle will run a temperature on seeing this gay book. With Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare* it goes to the top of the Chrstmas list.

CRITICS AS JAPANESE BEETLES

A friend once gave me a linden leaf which had been nibbled into lace fiiligree by the Japanese beetle. Every scrap of green matter had been chewed out, leaving a perfect fragile skeleton of the ribs and veins. I preserve it as a parable of literary criticism. The critic has a right to devour all the foliage but he must not bite the stalk.—Another analogy: some critics are like the shoe-shine boys on Sixth Avenue, who sit gloomily on their little boxes watching the world go by. They see nothing but the feet.

The kittens were leery of the dog until someone had the idea of rubbing him with catnip. This is a frequent policy in the publishing business. Whenever an author of dangerous power comes along his publisher fears he must rub him with catnip before the public will acept him. One form of catnip is a tea-party for reviewers.

Hans Christian Andersen was a good writer of fairy tales because he had a lively imagination. Once on his way to give a causerie somewhere he suddenly got an idea there would be someone there who would be the perfect recipient, who would Utterly Understand him, to whom the moment would be thrilling and who would Give Him All in return. It was to be, Andersen said to himself, the one miraculous and perfect human episode.—At this point I was interrupted in reading Andersen's biography and I've never learned whether it happened.

☞An achievement: to have a son old enough to be studying Virgil. ☞A really unusual detective story: *Murder in Trinidad,* by John W. Vandercook. ☞Another achievement: never to have had one's photograph taken beside dead animals. ☞An interesting book catalogue: that of Peter Davies (publisher), 30 Henrietta Street, London W.C.2. It includes such surprising announcements as a book by Marie Stopes on *Roman Catholic Methods of Birth Control;* and a biography of Dickens by Stephen Leacock. ☞The really inquisitive booklover keeps his name on the mailing lists of foreign publishers as well as American. ☞An idea: it would be exciting to read a good biography of Bowdler. Has one ever been written? ☞A surprise: seeing a boy on Fifth Avenue in an Eton suit, complete with monkey-jacket, collar and silk hat. ☞A pleasure: seeing Hamlet in a blue suit, carrying an attaché-case, striding up Sixth Avenue looking very purposeful and athletic. I mean, Mr. Walter Hampden. ☞A moment of thought: stopping in at the Church of the Cowley Fathers (46th Street) on the way to work, for a brief meditation. ☞Philology: what are the word-students going to do about this business of splitting the atom? Because the word *atom* means something unsplittable. ☞A fine tribute: that of Harry Hansen (in the *World-Telegram*) to the late Horace Liveright. Horace was a kind of Tarzan in the publishing business; he swung high on ropes of vine and ivy, when he saw lions and alligators he leaped upon them. He horrified the old-timers with his jungle-yell. He had fun. He was a very unusual Philadelphian.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Flyers are Men

SOUTHERN MAIL. By Antoine de Saint Exupery. Translated by Gilbert Stuart. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

THOSE who read "Night Flight" last year will come with high expectations to this new novel by the winner of the Prix Femina. It offers the same scene: the busy precision of the air-drome, the vast oceans of air that wash it, the sense of continents unrolled like stupendous carpets beneath the eyes. And here, too, moving through a different drama, are characters kneaded of earth and air, which no writer of fiction has portrayed with the same imagination and clarity that M. de Saint Exupery has given them.

"Southern Mail" is at once a simpler and a subtler novel than "Night Flight." It is much of a length with its predecessor, and perhaps, too, like it in general plan and flavor. Such a likeness may be unescapable if one writes of the air and airmen. For while the scene may shift from South America to France or Africa, the adventure at hand is of necessity somewhat similar, and the air above one continent is much like that above another. However, while "Night Flight" held close to flying throughout, and attempted successfully a picture of a group—the mechanics, the clerks, the director, and the flyers, "Southern Mail" is much more the story of one man, the pilot Bernis. And in being this, it swings from the flight around which the story is built back to Paris and to happenings there which concern the hero, but are not knitted directly to his aerial voyage from Toulouse to remote northern Africa.

This is the weakness of the novel, though it is also the occasion for a fine and poignant interpretation. For the Paris episodes, alternating as they do with the more direct action of the flight, introduce Bernis's love for Genevieve and hers for him, and the barrier that separated them. Genevieve as a girl of fifteen had fascinated Bernis, a boy two years younger. He returns years later to find her unhappily married. They are drawn together, they actually elope. And the sense of the difference which drew them apart again, still loving each other, is given with a delicacy and beauty that are haunting. Bernis is tied to adventure and instability; Genevieve holds instinctively to rooted things—the fruitful soil, the firm stone and wood of fine houses, the stability of her family. The conflict is never discussed by the two lovers, but they acknowledge it.

Could this have become a part of what might be called the actual story, both a unity and a conflict might have been achieved. But the two elements never really blend. Rather they alternate, and there is a sense of a mixture of diverse fragments that fight rather than strengthen one another. The flight goes on throughout the book, and the story of Genevieve keeps it company, but the dramatic ending of the flight has nothing to do with her. In this sense "Southern Mail" is not the achievement that "Night Flight" represented, for in the latter book the lives of all the characters were in the end bound together by the sense of terrific necessity imposed by the flying service upon all who were a part of it.

Nevertheless, the author succeeds again in relating the man of the air to the earth he touches only fragmentarily. The flyer's particular experience is set forth vividly, almost passionately. In a sense he moves about in a new world.

Yet with this feeling of a life exciting and apart, and the more clearly because of contrast with it, goes the reality for the flyer of the other and less airy world, to which his heart and body are bound, as his imagination is bound to the spaces. As a picture of Bernis, a man compounded of both these elements, the novel is a success. As a story it leaves a sense of incompleteness and disharmony. But M. de Saint Exupery's imaginative prose—finely rendered by Mr. Stuart—triumphs in detail so often, both in exploring the air and the human heart, that it gives rich compensation for a larger failure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S

FLUSH

A BIOGRAPHY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S SPANIEL

The life of a dog who not only played an active part in human life, and inspired poetry, but was himself a dog of worth and character, well deserving celebration. "Do you realize," writes Ellen Glasgow, "that this is a masterpiece, one of those rare books that are born to be classics?" *October Book-of-the-Month, with "The Woods Colt," described below.* $2.00

THE WOODS COLT

By THAMES WILLIAMSON

"When you look at Arkansas on the map, you might not think it a very romantic region. Read THE WOODS COLT. You'll be surprised."—*Christopher Morley.* A thrilling novel of the Ozark hills, a tale of jealousy, feud and outlawry told with the swift and dramatic simplicity for which Mr. Williamson is noted. *October Book-of-the-Month with "Flush," described above.* $2.00

Illustrated by Raymond Bishop.

ROCKWELLKENTIANA

The most complete collection in book form of Rockwell Kent's drawings, paintings, lithographs and woodcuts

A limited edition value at a popular price

FEW WORDS AND MANY PICTURES

By ROCKWELL KENT

The "few words" include Mr. Kent's writings on art, the "many pictures" are over 130 reproductions, one in full color. Together they make what may be regarded as one of the most significant books of its kind to appear in America. Of special interest to collectors is a complete list of prints and bibliography. The book is designed by Rockwell Kent. $3.75

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS *says: "This is the most original work of exploration and travel I have ever read. A tremendous book."*

THE BOOK OF TALBOT

By VIOLET CLIFTON

The story of an explorer who was an eagle among men, of his marriage to an amazing woman. "Biography with the quality of an epic poem. To read it is a unique experience."—*J. Donald Adams, N. Y. Times.* $3.50

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS

By GERTRUDE STEIN

"A strong straightforward exciting book."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram* *37th thousand,* $3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

383 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

Henry Hazlitt's Critical Dialogues

THE ANATOMY OF CRITICISM. By Henry Hazlitt. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

MR. HAZLITT has used a dialogue form, Platonic model, to give the fundamental problems of modern criticism a thorough airing. The three chief participants are not vividly personalized. One sees that they do not need to be, since ideologies and not highly individualized characters are in question.

"Elder" is a professor of English literature, a man of fifty. "Middleton," editor of a philosophical and literary journal, is thirty-five. "Young," who reviews books for the *Daily Press,* is twenty-five. A popular novelist, age thirty, is introduced in the first chapter but excused after he has made it clear that his one and only view of literary criticism is that it should be abolished.

Naturally "Elder" expresses the academic attitude (as Young puts it) perfectly. "Middleton" represents a view that is conservative insofar as it holds the older masters of criticism in respect, but constructive in that it derives illumination from social studies and the world of economic judgments of value—sources not formerly thought of as bearing on criticism. "Young" is the champion of individualism and subjectivism. He stoutly denies that criticism can have any objective foundation. Its real value, he believes, is to promote enjoyment and appreciation. His analogies are usually drawn from the organism as seen by science. "Elder" rejects these analogies as not pertinent. "Middleton" supplies others and strives for a synthesis between opposing views. He is mediator between convention and revolt.

This reviewer's own conviction is that age does not determine points of view, need not even seriously affect them. The notion that it does so is one of those conventions against which "Young," while he is about it, ought to revolt with explosive energy. It is the vigorous shade of Socrates, as non-conformist and defiant at seventy years as he was thirty years earlier, that gives Plato's "Dialogues" their perennial freshness of appeal. No such figure looms behind this modern "Trialogue" of Mr. Hazlitt's, and none could, for we have not its duplicate in the contemporary scene. Instead we have in "Elder" a somewhat bloodless synthesis of scholarly mentalities wanting creative power—articulate, just, learned, but without originality or magnetism. He puts up a stiff and often creditable front, but without the bones of Matthew Arnold and lymph of Irving Babbitt he would collapse. My point is, that if we had had a living humanist comparable to Plato's master or even to Xenophon's more realistic Socrates, and if he could have functioned in this colloquy of Mr. Hazlitt's, he would have had "Young" entirely on his side throughout the argument. Instead, the two are at sword's point, and it requires all of "Middleton's" persuasive talent to keep them from annihilating each other. In the end it is he that sums up positive results from the discussion where neither "Elder" nor "Young" are inclined to see any. Further, it is into "Middleton's" mouth that the author puts a rather lengthy monologue in which it is argued that "values are determined by the social mind"; a view hitherto elaborated only in the sciences of sociology and economics and that very recently. This new position is supported by a reminder that both language and logic are a part of our social inheritance; hence the thought process within the "individual mind" is a social process. This application to esthetic theory of a new and basic viewpoint is notable because in itself it provides a potential solvent for those irreconcilable and irksome differences in which academic and insurgent disputants are forever involved.

In this volume Mr. Hazlitt has pretty well exhausted the possibilities of handling critical problems through the medium of dialogue. Unquestionably he has succeeded; his book is important for critics, will be enjoyed by many authors (some of whom may find consolation in the hint that a great book does not necessarily get even the rating that would assure survival) and should also attract the general reader. One hopes that Mr. Hazlitt may, at some future time, expand to book length his thesis on social mind as a basis for the determination of values.

Short of the Mark

THE BROWN BOOK OF THE HITLER TERROR, and the Burning of the Reichstag. Prepared by the World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism. With an introduction by Lord Marley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WHILE this book indisputably has journalistic importance, its historical value is slight. It is a work of propaganda and not of sober inquiry. Doubtless in its propagandist materials, its photographs, affidavits, and original documents, there is much that is true and valuable. But it is so loosely written, so prone to overstatement, and so full of assertions that are not properly substantiated, that it unfortunately falls far short of that careful and authoritative treatment of Nazi abuses which the title leads us to expect. A sober review of Nazi acts of persecution and intolerance, in the light of all available evidence, is much needed. But it is not sober to speak of "the sadism which in the last few months has led to thousands of murders and tens of thousands of brutal and cruel acts of maltreatment"; to declare that "murder stalks through Germany"; to describe the nation over which Hitler rules as "a brown hell." It is significant that the actual authorship of this volume is nowhere stated. It bears internal evidence of being chiefly or wholly from one pen; yet we are told merely that it has been "prepared" by a "world committee" whose names are not here given.

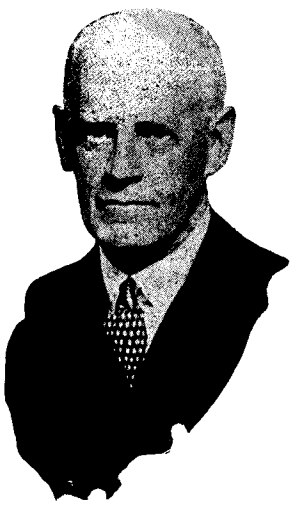
The book falls into two parts. The first deals with the burning of the Reichstag, which it, of course, holds was the act of the Nazis. Much evidence is produced that, as everyone knows, the conflagration was a happy event for Hitler's followers; it gave them just the weapons they wanted and needed. Much evidence is also produced that the captured incendiary, Van der Lubbe, was just the type of weakling that makes an agent provocateur. But of actual clinching evidence that Dr. Goebbels and Captain Goering inspired the act there is none. It does not add to our confidence in the argument to read the statement: "When the Chicago police in 1886 staged a bomb explosion carried out by paid provocateurs — an explosion which killed a large number of the police—it was seven years before the act of provocation was established." There is of course no truth whatever in this assertion that the Haymarket bomb was thrown by a police agent. Nor does it add to our confidence in the book to find the caption, "Hitler Betrays Himself," applied to some natural words against communism which Hitler uttered immediatetly after learning of the fire; nor to find a list of "thirty-one Nazi contradictions" made merely on the basis of confused reports in Nazi organs and confused utterances by Nazi leaders.

The second part of the book deals with the anti-communist and anti-Semitic persecutions in Germany. Here beyond question there are unhappy pages of authentic value. But here also are the wild assertions about "thousands of murders," and long lists of incidents (many of them inadequately documented) under such penny-dreadful headings as "Literally Torn to Pieces" and "St. Bartholomew's Night in Kopenick." In brief, the book, however commendable in its object, however righteous in much of its wrath, badly overshoots the mark. A restrained work written by someone better acquainted with the rules of evidence, and carrying conviction on every page, might have been a powerful weapon against some of the present policies of the German rulers. A denunciatory and sensational work of this character is likely to prejudice the worthy cause it seeks to serve.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Brilliant Last Novel of a Great Writer

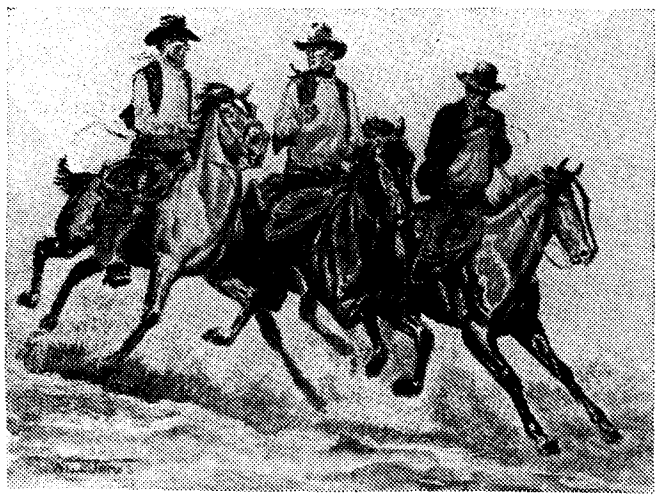
One More River



John Galsworthy

Mr. Galsworthy's last novel, completed a few months before his death in January, 1933, brings to a happy conclusion the story of "Dinny" Charwell, best-loved and most completely realized of all Galsworthy heroines. Against the rich background of modern English society, with its shifting moral standards, is set the quest for happiness of Dinny and her sister Claire, in whose unhappy marriage and sensational divorce suit are centred the most dramatic scenes of the book. It is a story totally concerned with the strongest human passions and emotions, and writes a brilliant finis to the work of a great novelist. $2.50

The Memorial Edition of "The Forsyte Saga" with an introduction by Ada Galsworthy has just been published. This classic trilogy has been entirely reset, printed on a larger-page size and handsomely bound in red cloth, stamped in gold. $3.00



The Three Mustangeers

by **Will James**

There are a lot of western "bad men" around in fiction, but none quite so real and understandable as the three adventurous riders who gallop through the pages of this full-fledged novel of life in the western cow-country. Will James's story is authentic realism as well as rousing adventure. And the numerous drawings are as lively as the text. $2.75

"His finest achievement to date."—*Sidney Williams in The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Entertaining the Islanders

the new novel

by

Struthers Burt

"The best novel of the fall season, so far. . . . It has a good adventurous plot, a splendid love story, a most picturesque background, living characters. With all that, it is a thoughtful philosophical book."—*Ted Robinson in The Cleveland Plain Dealer.* $2.50

Bare Hands and Stone Walls

Reminiscences of a Side-Line Reformer

by **Charles Edward Russell**

Here is an autobiography that rips, roars, and races from beginning to end. From his enormous store of first-hand intimate knowledge of American public men and political movements during the past fifty years, Mr. Russell has fashioned a fiery, outspoken book that breathes life into picturesque but forgotten figures of the past, strips the haloes from sundry American idols, tells the inside story of the "muck-rakers," writes the obituaries of a dozen parties, and paints a picture of a ceaseless fight against corrupt government, that is as authoritative as it is unforgettable. $3.00

Richard Harding Davis: His Day

by **Fairfax Downey,** *author of "Burton, Arabian Nights Adventurer"*

"For all people, young and old, who want to recapture the glad scenes when American knighthood was in flower, this book should be a delight."—*Stanley Walker in The New York Herald Tribune.* *Profusely illustrated.* $3.00

Memoirs of a Spy: *My Adventures on the Eastern Fronts*

by **Nicholas Snowden,** *Former Austro-Hungarian Spy*

"A perfectly grand yarn. The book is a 'Sergeant Grischa' with the added kick that it's cold fact. . . . It's far and away the best spy book to come out of the war."—*Joseph Henry Jackson of the San Francisco Chronicle.* *With maps.* $2.75

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of "South Moon Under," writes a rollicking, hilarious tale, "Benny and the Bird Dog," in October SCRIBNER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Light On Germany

GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH. By Calvin B. Hoover. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

WRITE down the name of one more observer returned from Germany who hereafter will probably have to conduct his observations by telescope instead of a microscope. The evidence offered by Professor Hoover regarding the situation in that country under Hitler is eminently careful and scholarly. That fact will damn his book in Nazi eyes. By its nature a dictatorship cannot afford to be satisfied with impartiality in a critic. Whoever is not altogether "for" is altogether "against." There is no gray in its spectrum.

Professor Hoover, then, is now on the Nazi black list, along with many others, German and non-German, who cling to the old manner of telling the truth as they see it. There will be others who fare better: some are already on the spot, their tours facilitated by Dr. Goebbels or his public relations counsel in the United States. Let us hope that Professor Hoover will find compensation for not being of those financially elect in securing many readers for his book in this country and in England. If that turns out to be the case, as seems likely, he will have the added and much more important satisfaction of knowing that he has markedly helped world opinion in its effort to understand and appraise the origins and aims of the Third Reich.

The author begins with an account of the economic and financial system of Republican Germany. This is useful, for many persons abroad failed to realize how thoroughly Germany had gone in for state control of industry and banking, especially following the 1931 crisis. Against this economic background Professor Hoover then pictures the growing radicalization of the proletariat, a result of the almost steady decline in wages and employment after 1928; the antagonism between peasant and Junker, but their unison in hating the economic and social system based on the Weimar Constitution; and, most important of all, the gradual disaffection of the great middle class, "partly because their capital reserves had actually been lost and partly because those who had retained or regained their capital felt no security for it." To these elements, from which some at once, some little by little, had come to expect no good from the Republic, were of course added the students, turned out from the universities with no hope of finding employment, ready fuel for a great bonfire of social and political revolt.

Professor Hoover concludes his preliminary chapters as follows:

> The Treaty of Versailles was no doubt responsible for the fact that radicalism in Germany took a nationalistic turn. The writer does not by any means believe, however, that all of the economic ills of Germany can be traced to this "iniquitous" Treaty, even though the operation of the terms of the Treaty certainly intensified these ills. It is probable that the liberal, parliamentary, capitalistic system could have held out longer if it had had only economic discontent with which to struggle. . . . Inflamed nationalism determined the form which the revolution was to take, and it hastened the triumph of revolution. But it was the hostility of the people based upon economic grounds which gave the mass weight to the movement against the system and insured its overthrow.

The timidity and confusion of the Social Democrats in dealing with the growing strength of their opponents were not, by Professor Hoover's account, phenomena of the last year in particular; they were inherent in the conflict and perpetual compromise between program and practice that had begun revolving in the minds of the socialists as soon as they took over the control of the state after the war. The collapse of the Social Democratic ministry of Prussia on July 20, 1932, and the flight into Switzerland of Otto Braun, ill and broken, the day before the decisive elections of March last, were merely dramatic culminations of a process of decay which had found its roots in the indecision, the strange combination of optimism and sense of inferiority, which possessed so many socialist leaders from the very beginning of the Republic.

From the start, the Social Democrats failed entirely to create a new political apparatus of their own to replace the old army officers, the old judiciary, and the old diplomatic personnel; furthermore, they allowed the old masters to continue in control of the economic machine. Partly, like Burke, they were "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient." Partly, they quailed before the difficulties of their lot, with Germany defeated, destitute, menaced from without by the Allies, from within by the communists, with every political act seemingly bound to entail unpopular consequences. Their excuse was that as sincere democrats they could not undertake socialization without a mandate from the people, and this they were never able to obtain. But, as Professor Hoover asks, are not democracies justified in taking strong measures against groups which proclaim their intention of using the ballot only as a means of destroying the democratic system? If a democracy is to live, the democratic forces must never lose control; once that happens, the voters will not again have the opportunity of saying whether or not they wish a democratic form of government.

Even in those last desperate days in January, 1933, the socialists were still in a fog, as shown by their refusal to call a general strike. "To us," they said, "a general strike is the last resort!" They apparently had no idea that their day was already done, that even the day of those who had just turned them out was done also. Only two months removed from the final catastrophe, they still did not suspect that the future held nothing for them but capitulation, imprisonment, flight, death.

The socialist débâcle was followed by the disintegration of the conservatives. Von Papen and von Schleicher, supported by von Hindenburg (of whom the nerve and muscle and all but a few automatic reflexes were already controlled by his son and Meissner, his secretary) had come on the scene haughtily, sure that they would enjoy a long span of power. Their program was to replace the republic by a monarchy, and become the ruling power in the new régime. This program entailed destroying the Social Democrats and outwitting the Nazis. The first part of it had been attained. They failed in the second because the Nazis proved cleverer, more determined, more steadfast than they.

Professor Hoover gives a detailed account of this struggle, of Hitler's inflexible decision never to accept any degree of responsibility without the possibility of securing complete power, of von Papen's conceit and audacity, of von Hindenburg's final choice of a dictatorship by the National Socialists rather than one by von Schleicher. It will repay reading by anyone who wants an answer to the question why the last strongholds of Nationalist power followed so swiftly the socialist fortresses down the steep slide into the engulfing waters of the Nazi sea.

Like other observers, except those who see altogether black or altogether white, Professor Hoover finds it difficult to predict how the Nazis are going to use their power now that the destructive phase of the revolution is ended and tasks of constructive statesmanship cannot longer be set aside. He does well to emphasize in this connection how unlikely it is that there will be any general change in the general outlook and political aim of the Nazis, as foreign observers sometimes predict. Hitler and his colleagues are extraordinarily tenacious. They believe in their program *à la lettre*, and if they are forced by the stress of circumstances to deviate from it temporarily (*e. g.*, Hitler's conciliatory speech on foreign policy in the Reichstag on May 17th) there is no evidence in the history of the Nazi movement that such deviations mean evolution, conversion, or change of aim.

The world has only just embarked on the task of understanding the Nazi mentality and deciding how to deal with its manifestations. Professor Hoover provides one of the essential textbooks.

* *

Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of Foreign Affairs, *has just published a study of Nazi Germany entitled "Hitler's Reich."*

ALONG THIS WAY by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

. . . to be a Negro

● What does it mean to be a Negro in America today? How does life look through a Negro's eyes? Perhaps no man is better qualified to answer those questions than James Weldon Johnson. Often called America's foremost Negro citizen, he has at last written his autobiography. In recounting his richly varied life in "Along This Way," Mr. Johnson has revealed not only himself but his race. Reading his book, one cannot fail to find a fresh, a clarified concept of the modern Negro.

"A book any man might be proud to have written about a life any man might be proud to have led." Carl Van Doren. *Illustrated,* $3.50.

WE ARE THE LIVING by ERSKINE CALDWELL

Incisive frankness—notable restraint—

● The author of "God's Little Acre" further establishes his distinguished position in American letters in these twenty stories. One of them, "Country Full of Swedes," has just received the $1000 literary award of the Yale Review. $2.00

MEN and WOMEN of the FRENCH REVOLUTION by J. MILLS WHITHAM

Dramatis Personæ

● The Revolution interpreted through its dynamic personalities. This book covers the vivid minor figures. His earlier book, Biographical History of the French Revolution, is now re-issued. $3.75 each.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS by NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

Great Lady of the Theatre

● The oft-painted English tragedienne sits this time for a portrait in prose. More than a picture of the actress, this is a panorama of the stage of her day and the world which viewed it. *Illustrated,* $3.00.

BLOSSOMING ANTLERS by WINIFRED WELLES

. . . an exquisite and eerie charm

● The author of "The Hesitant Heart" and "This Delicate Love" achieves new beauty in her latest poems. Miss Welles possesses a grace and precision of phrase which give her outstanding distinction among the women poets of America.

PARENTS CHILDREN and MONEY by SIDONIE MATSNER GRUENBERG and BENJAMIN C. GRUENBERG

Guide to an urgent problem

● A timely and significant handbook for parents and educators on the problem of money in relation to the child. The book has grown out of actual home and school experience. $1.75.

THE VIKING PRESS • New York, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Black Michael," Empire Builder

LIFE OF SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH (EARL ST. ALDWYN). By Lady Victoria Hicks Beach. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $12.

Reviewed by WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE

BETWEEN the years 1874 and 1902 Sir Michael Hicks Beach held several of the most important offices in the British government. He was successively Chief Secretary for Ireland, Colonial Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, President of the Board of Trade, and again Chancellor of the Exchequer. When he retired in 1902 his services were not at an end. He became an extraordinary arbitrator in all manner of complicated disputes, and finally, in the early critical days of the great war he acted, representing the bankers of England, as financial adviser to the Treasury. For that tremendous service he was made an Earl of the Kingdom. He died in April, 1916, in the blackest days of the war, a short time after his son had been killed, in Egypt. The achievements of Hicks Beach were so considerable and his offices so important that it is a matter of wonder that his fame has been obscured by smaller men.

Hicks Beach was a Conservative of an ardent but not a narrow sort. He knew, and that was perhaps his greatest strength, why he held those principles. Descended of land-owning squires of Gloucestershire, he was a worthy modern representative of that great race of men. He never lost—what the ruling classes of our own country have never acquired—a sense of his responsibility to the tillers of his soil and to his local community. At times of falling prices in agriculture he protected his tenants at considerable cost to himself. When he was busiest in the great offices of state he still had time to deal with county affairs. He was a strict and exacting head of the family, but his children's devotion, though seldom expressed in words, is notable.

In an age when Anthony Hope's romance was popular, it was inevitable that the soubriquet "Black Michael" should have been attached to him. In 1904 when he was made chairman of the board of arbitration between the miners and mine-owners of South Wales, the miners' leader roared out, "By God, boys, we've got Black Michael"; but in time the same speaker came to call him "a straight man whatever his politics." His associates in the House of Commons and in the great offices he held found out his qualities. Invariably firm and just with them, he could and on occasion did administer violent tongue-lashings which are still remembered. He was reserved and proud, impatient and apparently haughty, and the Liberals and some members of his own party held him in terror. Such a man was naturally unpopular as Chief Secretary in Ireland, though he was one of the best Ireland ever had; and just as naturally he never attained those great offices which depend upon popularity with the voters. But where esteem counted, there Hicks Beach achieved; and when superior talents and great integrity were needed, it was to him that Salisbury, Balfour, Asquith, Chamberlain, and Lloyd George turned.

Perhaps the most difficult office that Hicks Beach ever held was that of Colonial Secretary (1878-1880), when England was pushing her frontiers in South Africa. He was not an expansionist, but the difficulties of controlling without cable communications such mad British agents and dreamers as Sir Bartle Frere and later Rhodes, were too great to be overcome. But the most characteristic work of Hicks Beach was done as Chancellor of the Exchequer (1895-1902). "He had," says his daughter, "been bred in a school of statesmen who held it an axiom of good goveernment to keep down public expenditure and to take pride in the reduction of taxes; but during his lifetime such principles as these came to be considered old-fashioned." For seven years he fought for economy at a time when social experimentation and war and a grandiose conception of Empire made such economy unpopular. When he saw that never again could the house be set in that order which he thought wise, he retired from the Chancellorship to devote himself to those private, county, and national activities with which he was in sympathy.

Lady Victoria Hicks Beach's biography of her father has done service to history. The Empire-builder and the little Englander meet here and an age is illuminated. One or two improvements in treatment might be suggested. The motives of Hicks Beach's actions, more fully analyzed, would become clearer. Again, a less objective delineation of the man would enrich the book; one asks again and again what manner of man he was to his friends and associates, and does not find out until the excellent appendices are consulted. But these criticisms come from a reader who has caught sight, emerging from the formal chronicle of event and business, of an honorable and colorful personality, with whom it is natural to desire a better and more personal acquaintance.

William C. DeVane, assistant professor of English in Yale University, has made the nineteenth century his particular study.

Jacopone Da Todi, Wild Man of God

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT. By Helen C. White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

JACOPONE DA TODI was one of those flavorous and many-sided personalities of which the thirteenth century was prolific. He was a prosperous and successful lawyer, a man in the middle thirties when the tragic death of his wife led him to abandon the world and become a poor penitent of the Franciscan order, then (about 1266) at the height of its influence in Italy. Ten years later he became a friar and associated himself with the "spiritual" party among the Franciscans, those enthusiasts whose insistence on the literal interpretation of St. Francis's injunction to poverty and whose attacks on the corruption of the church finally led to their persecution as heretics. Of these enthusiasts he was remembered as one of the wildest. His tomb in San Fortunado in Todi commemorates "the Blessed Jacopone . . . A fool of Christ . . . who took Heaven by violence" and the lives written of him in the fifteenth century are full of stories of his holy madness.

Though the stories may be apocryphal they echo a temperamental extremism which we have no reason to doubt. But Jacopone was more than a holy madman. He placed his legal training at the service of his party and became one of the leading ecclesiastical politicians of Italy. And when his opposition to Pope Boniface VIII won him imprisonment he wrote in the Umbrian dialect poems for his order and his faith, poems which range the whole scale of his emotions and experiences from savage and biting satire to the tenderest and most exalted mysticism and give us a singularly complete insight into the inner life of a remarkable man.

Miss White has written a novel about the life of Jacopone, and the struggles within the Franciscan order in which he took part. For some reason not clear she has chosen to collapse the events of nearly half a century (before 1257 to after 1303) into a single decade and the resultant anachronisms are disturbing. For purposes, perhaps, of simplification she has omitted much of what little we know about her hero. The story she tells recaptures, not without charm, something of the background of medieval Umbria, but its protagonist, though he undergoes some of the experiences of Jacopone and achieves in the end a kind of mystic enlightenment such as the *laude* sometimes express, bears but a faint resemblance to that wild man of God, satirist, politician, theologian, and saint who was (after St. Francis himself) the greatest poet of the Franciscan order.

Applause! Acclaim! Success!

By JANET BEITH

for the **$20,000 PRIZE NOVEL**

NO SECOND SPRING

Must be a great novel to receive such an accolade as this . . .

"Amply justifies the award." —*Edward Weeks, Atlantic Monthly*
"An **exquisite** piece of work." —*Gertrude Atherton*
"A **charming** love story . . . Important." —*Heywood Broun*
"A real **work of art.**" —*Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune*
"Will **stir the reader** to the depths." —*Virginia Kirkus, Ladies' Home Journal*
"A **distinctive** contribution to fiction." —*North American Review*
"A very convincing and **beautiful** picture." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*
"As a first novel its quality is surprising." —*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

A Thrilling New Novel by the author of BEAU GESTE

ACTION and PASSION

By P. C. WREN

A sea story of vivid, sustained action, the setting being a windjammer, alone, on the high seas. Mutiny, murder, smuggling and a tangled love affair are woven into a yarn that bears the characteristic stamp of the author's genius for story-telling. $2.00

TO LIVE ALONE

By D. MICHAEL KAYE

Runner-Up in the $20,000 International Prize Novel Contest. A revealing portrait of an ardent, lonely woman whose honesty to herself and her ideals force her TO LIVE ALONE. It may disturb you. $2.00

GUIDE to MODERN Thought

By C. E. M. JOAD

Covering the wide fields of psychology, physics, biology, evolution, astronomy, psychical research and allied subjects, this book offers the reader a brilliant guide to the latest scientific thought and knowledge. $1.75

SARAH BERNHARDT
Divine Eccentrfc
By G. G. Geller
An absorbing biography of one of the most magnetic women who ever brought the world to her feet. *Illustrated.* $2.75

JOHN RUSKIN
By R. H. Wilenski
An introduction to the life and work of Ruskin, eccentric genius whose writings have a special interest for this day and age. $4.50

MY FARM IN LION COUNTRY
By Joyce Boyd
Imagine yourself living in the heart of Africa on a dairy farm, with a family of children! In this delightfully thrilling and true document, Joyce Boyd tells you the human story of what life is like there. *Illustrated.* $3.00

BACCHUS BEHAVE!
The Lost Art of Polite Drinking
By Alma Whitaker
Fashion's handbook to correct usage in selection, quality, mixture, temperature, containers, accompaniments, and service of spirited beverages. $1.25

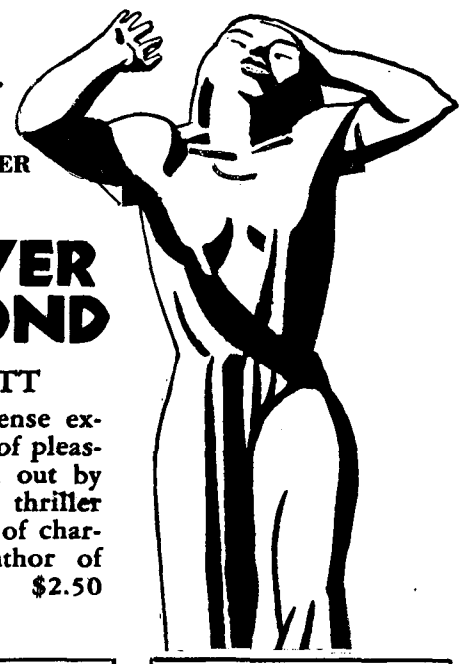
THE MERE LIVING
By B. Bergson Spiro
"Already the fall season is bringing us definitely satisfying books. *Lamb in His Bosom,* for instance, and now *The Mere Living.* A literary tour de force."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World-Telegram.* $2.00

NEW DISHES from LEFTOVERS
By Coral Smith
In these dollar-conscious days, this book comes as a helpful aid to every housewife. *New ideas, new recipes, new dishes.* Easy to follow, and guaranteed to reduce waste and expenses. $1.50

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
443 Fourth Avenue **New York**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Beautifully written . . an unbeatable climax."
THE NEW YORKER



NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND

By CORA JARRETT

"I read the book with intense excitement. It is that rarest of pleasures, a melodrama played out by real people, the plot of a thriller but the people of a novel of character."—*Herbert Agar,* author of "The People's Choice." $2.50

ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH

By Milton Waldman

"Brilliantly successful. Without sacrificing scholarship, the author has made his narrative vivid, informing, shrewd, and reasonable." — *Henry Seidel Canby.* $3.50

THE JOURNAL OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD

"So intimate, so self-revealing, and so honest that it should take its place among the great diaries of the world." —*Burton Rascoe in the New York Herald Tribune.* Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. $5.00

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

By Herbert Agar

"Is America to end in a dictatorship? Nobody within recent years has discussed this question with more originality than Mr. Agar."—*Boston Transcript.* $3.50

A PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY

By John Buchan

The best selling novel in London. In New York the *Times* calls it "A superb tale of romantic adventure." $2.50

SHE SAW THEM GO BY

By Hester W. Chapman

"Fights, intrigues, passion and despair. . . . A rich and ironic picture of international politics."—*London Observer.* $2.50

MR. JUBENKA

By Adrian Alington

The adventures of an exiled king in England. "Truly delicious comedy."—*London News.* $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

A great novel which "leads straight to the soul of humanity."—FRANZ WERFEL

THREE CITIES

By SHOLOM ASCH

Depicts on a gigantic canvas the environment and mental reactions of a people encrusted in that mass of corruption, tyranny, and spurious glitter that was Czarist Russia.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN: "An epic narrative of incomparable richness and breadth . . . One of those works which like *War and Peace,* or *The Magic Mountain,* increase in fame and weight as time goes on."

STEFAN ZWEIG: "This greatly planned trilogy reveals him in his full eminence."

FELIX SALTEN: "This delineation of an entire epoch may justly be compared to that of Balzac."

Second Large Printing

350,000 Words — 912 Pages — At bookstores $3.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS 2 W. 45th Street, New York

Two Books on the Child Mind

THE MIND OF THE CHILD. By Charles Baudoin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THE first impress of psychoanalysis upon Switzerland came from followers of the Teutonic rather than the Gallic tradition. The present contribution comes from the J. J. Rousseau Institute in Geneva, which so far has touched but slightly upon the Freudian side of childhood. But Professor Baudoin, whose method of approach has been mainly through suggestion, now goes over body and soul to the Freudian group. The Gallic touch appears in the lucidity of presentation, the avoidance of theoretical entanglements, and an orderly outline.

Once under way, there is little to distinguish this contribution from a half-dozen others that trace childhood traits to difficulties in infant development, and translate typical behavior into the largely sexual terms of the "family romance." A child must be born, suck, be weaned, meet its brothers and sisters, have relations with its parents, engage in rivalry, aggress and retreat, each one of which phases is beset with dangers and with complications that are even worse.

The result is a gruesome fatality. Some do not recover from the shock of birth itself, and display in their later behavior a longing to return to the security of the womb; for others weaning is a disaster; then Oedipus with all his cohorts; then for girls the lasting regret for not being a boy; then early sexuality and later regressions. As an example, Professor Baudoin names the rather-be-a-boy desire the Diana complex, and forthwith in a long chapter reads into every manifestation of innocent femininity the baleful mark of the fate of Eve of being merely a rib of Adam; while the Cain complex flourishes in the kindergartens of Geneva as it never did in the garden of Eden. As a further consequence the trivial, casual, natural, magical, imaginative fantasies of children in explaining the origin of life and the hall-marks of sex are pried into and minutely recorded as precious questionnaire documents revealing significant origins.

Going as far as he can in sympathy with this insight without sacrificing sanity itself, the psychologist who is not a psycho-mythologist must reject nine and more tenths of it as extravagantly overdrawn and disastrously misleading. The mind of the child is a queer medley; but somehow the child gets some sense without running the gauntlet of so many goblin-complexes that will get you if you don't look out, and apparently also if you do. The mischief that all this Freudianizing of quite intelligible behavior is doing to parents and teachers and students of psychology who may become both, is incalculable. The Gallic mind under the same thrall loses discrimination as readily as the Teutonic. It may be that the undevout astronomer is mad; it certainly is true that the devout psychoanalyst is so, when he applies his far-fetched theories to the immature microcosm of the child's mind. M. Baudoin, no more than his confrères in discipleship of Freud, recognizes the psychoanalytic complex, the most deadly of all, for which an ingenious mind may find a classic name.

Its essence is the insistence that everything patent is something far more foreboding than is latent. A little girl's misspelling in regard to a final *s* becomes a "serpent who does nothing," a phallic symbol, and an envy of her brother. A mischievous boy who undressed two little girls, for which offense they and not he was punished, developed a sense of guilt and punished himself by "feminine identification" and an "attack of eczema," all getting in or under his skin. A boy ill at ease in the presence of his father's second wife is suffering from the "conflicts engendered by the differing identifications of the super-ego." In one of the older books on children's fantasies is given the case of a little girl who amused herself by imagining everything to be something else —a passing attack of "topsy-turvitis." Presumably she developed into a Freudian expert and is now instructing any still unconfused parents she can find into the mysteries of the meanings of the idle and wayward conduct of their children. In the interests of sanity and pedagogy, this game has been carried just a little too far. Some years ago it had the interest of novelty; or even of pornography; now it seems just learned and polluting folly.

THE MORAL JUDGMENT OF THE CHILD. By Jean Piaget. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL

THIS present study, the fifth by the same author to appear in translation from the French in The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method explores the child's morality, and demonstrates important parallelisms between moral and intellectual development. In their entirety, the five related volumes constitute a notable and scholarly contribution, distinctly European in flavor, to a genetic understanding of the subjective life of the child, and of the antecedents of adult mentality.

The pyramid of Professor Piaget's writings rests on a broad base. He is well grounded in philosophical literature including epistemology and logic; he has had training in natural science; he is experimentally interested in problems of early education represented in the activities of the Geneva institute; he has observed his own children, and hundreds of others with the assistance of his institute coworkers, seven of whom collaborated in the writing of the new volume on moral judgment. His work is marked by a correlation of what might be called philosophical, clinical, and genetic aspects of child psychology. Indeed, in the present instance he has extended the correlation into the fields of theoretical sociology and of social ethics. He would hold that a critical interpretation of cultural and societal organization is dependent upon a more realistic insight into the developing process whereby the child attains moral stature.

And how does Piaget scientifically seek to penetrate a realm so subjective and subtle as the maturing of a child's moral judgment? He uses the same methods previously applied in exploring the child's ideas of the physical world and of causation, namely, the "clinical interrogatory" or the method of analytic conversation with individual children from three to fourteen years of age. In these conversations questions are carefully thought out in advance, and incorporated into a kind of cross examination. The interview is conducted not in a stilted manner but yet with an orderliness and uniformity which give comparative values to the hundreds of responses which are recorded verbatim. For the study of moral judgment, a game of marbles was made the point of departrure. A study of the rules of the game led Piaget to a consideration of two groups of social and moral facts in the conduct of children—constraint and unilateral respect on the one hand, coöperation and mutual respect on the other. He explores these facts by an ingenious utilization of the interrogatory method in which he confronts the young child with concrete situations and elicits verbal appraisals of actions. It is futile to ask the child to introspect and to report his introspections directly to the psychologist; but even the young child when given a series of stories relating different kinds or degrees of lying, stealing, and injustice, gives answers which prove very revealing as to the nature of his moral judgment. Piaget also brings clumsiness within the scope of his inquiry into objective responsibility and immanent justice.

This is a somewhat novel theme for a psychologist and a philosopher; but a significant one. There are common behavioral and social factors which associate motor and moral ineptitude.

Piaget's analysis of the children's conversations concerning the consequences of clumsiness is highly suggestive. It reveals moreover how blind (and clumsy!) is the adult attitude which places sole reliance on authority, but is on a unilateral respect, as the source of morality.

There are in fact two types of respect and consequently two moralities,—a morality of constraint or of heteronomy, and a morality of coöperation or of autonomy. The author demonstrates the important role of coöperation in determining the growth of the moral judgment. Coöperation is not only an ethical goal; it is an essential condition for the very organization of the perceptions of morality.

Piaget's conclusions are not readily summarized and his discussions sometimes seem over-detailed and recondite, but he has quite justified the modest hope that his present book "may supply a scaffolding which those living with children and observing their spontaneous reactions can use in erecting the actual edifice."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Classic Drama

A HISTORY OF FRENCH DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. Part II. The Period of Corneille, 1635-1651. *By Henry Carrington Lancaster. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.* 1932. $10.

Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT

THESE latest volumes of Professor Lancaster's monumental "History of French Dramatic Literature in the XVIIth Century" cover the period extending from the year 1635 to the year 1651. These are years of foreign wars and, towards the end, of social unrest, and one might expect to find the development of the drama, which had haltingly begun in the early part of the century, seriously hindered by these adverse circumstances. On the contrary, this period proves to be the coming of age of the French drama, and we assist at the unfolding of many possibilities not fully exploited in the productions that had preceded. We have not gone far in the reading of the first volume of this second Part when we come upon Corneille's "Cid," that is to say upon the first masterpiece of French classicism; when we close the second volume the same Corneille has written his best tragedies—"Horace," "Cinna," "Polyeucte"—some other plays also which, if they bear witness to the variety of his invention, add nothing to his fame. And around this central figure there was evolved a dramatic form truly original, concocted with what was best among the ancients, the Italians, and the Spaniards, but at the same time so thoroughly indigenous that it not only satisfied the aspirations of the society for which it was written, but also has been identified ever since with the very spirit of France.

In the creation of this new state of things consists the chief interest of the two volumes before us. The advance towards the difficult beauty of clarity and simplicity was not always in a straight line: many clumsy attempts had to be made before the end was reached. Indeed Corneille stands alone in excellence during this period, like a central pillar sustaining the edifice. He towers above his contemporaries, Scudéry, Desmaretz, Rotrou, du Ryer, Tristan, Scarron, Boisrobert, Mairet, La Calprenède, Mareschal, Guérin de Bouscal, and many other less important playwrights some of whom possessed talent and did their bit but were not always fully conscious of their aims. Sometimes they showed the way to Corneille himself, sometimes they lagged behind when they could have availed themselves of the progress already made. The tastes of the public were also vacillating. Now tragi-comedy took the lead, tragedy being second in the estimation of the playgoers. Then it was for tragedy to attract the crowds and to obtain the patronage of the great. As to comedy it never went uppermost, except during the Fronde, and this neglect appears somewhat surprising when one thinks of the heights it was to attain a few years later with Molière. Possibly in an age of lofty feelings and "heroism" it suffered from the contempt which still remained attached to the old farces.

There is, however, a development which runs as a continuous thread throughout the period, I mean the effort more and more severely to apply the rules of the three unities already introduced during the preceding period. Slowly but without interruption the French dramatists felt attracted towards the new technique and the concentration it involved. Professor Lancaster has given statistics which constitute one among many of the most interesting results of his study. In 1635-36 slightly over three-fifths of the plays observed the unity of time, reduced the place to a space no larger than a city, and violated the unity of action only to a slight degree, if at all. Out of fifty-four tragedies and tragi-comedies performed in 1640-42 only four violated the unity of time, one disregarded that of place and, for the first time, the place was limited in four tragedies and in three tragi-comedies to a single room. In 1643-48 only two of the sixty tragedies and tragi-comedies violated the unity of time, only one that of place, while the unity of action was more generally observed than in the preceding years. Thirteen plays, moreover, limited the space represented to a single room.

The advance along that line was therefore constant and the adoption of the rules was not due, as is often supposed, to the influence of theorists who imposed conceptions elaborated in the study. This adoption was the result of experience as the dramatists themselves, working in the same direction and no doubt influencing one another, recognized the value of such restrictions and felt that they were thus opening new possibilities. For as the unities operated in favor of concentration, incidents had to be reduced and the dramatists could then bring their attention to the study of character and of the reactions of character upon character. The trend of the French drama, with its preference of psychology above action, was being settled for many years to come.

This is the chief and all-important story told in these two volumes, in which we find the same qualities of thoroughness and accuracy which were such striking characteristics of the volumes published three years ago. About two hundred and eighty plays are discussed, described, and their bearing on the chief lines of progress analyzed; the sources for most of them are identified and their dramatic value appreciated; their relation to the social and stage conditions is elucidated. So that we have a complete repertory of all the plays that have survived from that period. Any one who wishes to have a full view of the dramatic life of that central part of the seventeenth century will find it here, with all the material threshed out, sorted, put in its proper place and light, ready for use. All this is admirably done. There is only one point about which I should like to break a lance with the author. I regret to find Professor Lancaster so rigidly opposed to admitting political reasons behind the writing of certain plays. These were times when the theatre was more controversial than nowadays. Without going to the extreme of those who will find political prototypes for and political allusions in every play it cannot be denied that playwrights often indulged in the practice of dragging living persons on the stage.

But this slight stricture does not detract from the merits of that monument of learning and probity. This is precisely the sort of work needed by the scholars who care more for knowledge and truth than for theories, however brilliant these may be. To Professor Lancaster's minuteness, at any rate, we owe a presentation of the facts in truer perspective and the correction of many wrong ideas. There is also another aspect which I cannot let pass unnoticed: it is the attitude which enabled the author to follow the movements which he was studying with that intelligent sympathy without which no vital criticism can exist. Professor Lancaster knows the French mind intimately and he moves with ease and familiarity among the conflicts of ideas which a less enlightened scholar would have been incapable of understanding; it is a compliment that I should not be ready to pay to many of the foreign critics who have devoted their attention to the French classical period.

Albert G. Feuillerat, who was for many years professor of English literature at the University of Rennes, France, is now Sterling professor of French at Yale University.

Morand on London

LONDRES. By Paul Morand. Paris: Plon. 1933.

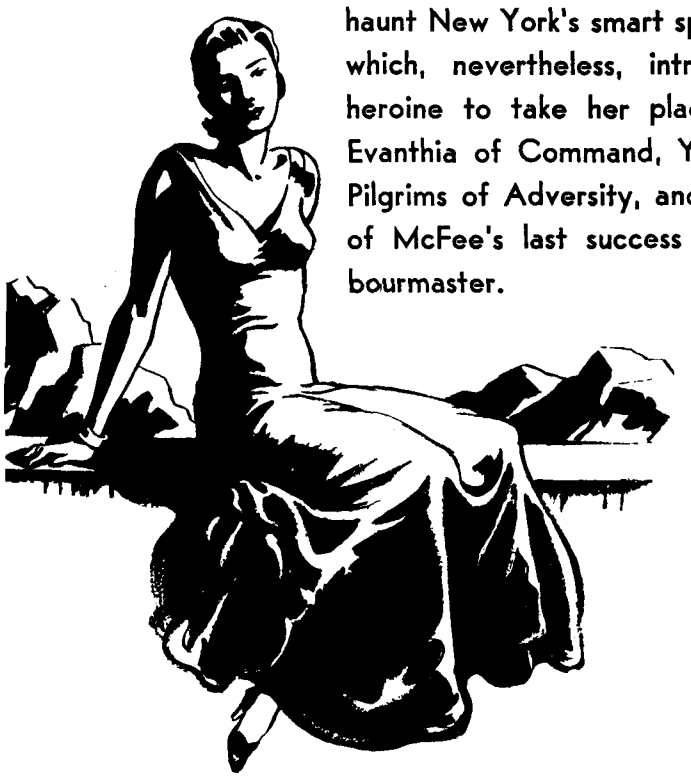
CONTINUING the remarkably successful list of travel books which he has published of late, M. Morand, that most accomplished of travelers, has chosen for his subject London, neighbor, rival, and despite many superficial differences, sister of his native Paris. As in "New York" and *"Air Indien,"* the author has sought not so much to write a guide book, or assemble picturesque impressions, as to combine a modicum of accurate information with a highly engaging manner of presentation. The whole undoubtedly gives the reader something of the true atmosphere of present-day London.

Such little known but important things as Reuter's Agency, Lloyd's, the great newspaper offices, impress him no less than the latest night clubs, restaurants, and shops. The blend of all these elements is frankly designed for popular consumption, but it is nevertheless extremely skilful. Perhaps the fact that M. Morand lived for years in London as an Attaché at the French Embassy, and can boast of having crossed the Channel,—and survived,—more than 150 times, helps to make his new book seem a trifle more authentic than his novel but fantastic "New York." Certainly the British capital has seldom received a more charming compliment from a foreign writer than this well-conceived and executed "personally conducted tour," which is also an excellent example of the newly developed French travel literature, product of the post-war Frenchman's desire to see how other nations live.

William McFee's

magnificent love story of North and South America...

● Here's romance—glamour—excitement in the story of an American girl, her medieval husband and her modern lover. It's a picture of two colorfully contrasting societies and a devastating analysis of the bright young things who haunt New York's smart speakeasies which, nevertheless, introduces a heroine to take her place beside Evanthia of Command, Yolanda of Pilgrims of Adversity, and Francine of McFee's last success The Harbourmaster.



NO CASTLE IN SPAIN

Just Published, $2.50

ROOSEVELT MEDAL

awarded to

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Saturday Review readers will be particularly interested in this award for 1933 to Stephen Vincent Benet's great American epic.
Do you own the book? It belongs in every well-stocked American library. You will find re-reading it now an enriching experience, deepened by the power and savored by the memory which time adds to any great classic. $2.50

●

More Praise Every Day!

ORDINARY FAMILIES

It's a pleasure to the publishers to note the way in which ORDINARY FAMILIES, by E. Arnot Robertson, is becoming daily established in the regard of more and more discriminating readers. For the sheer joy of reading, you will have a hard time finding a more delightful novel this season. It has wit and style, and it's gaily and ruthlessly modern—the story of anything but an 'ordinary family' by the brilliant young author of "Three Came Unarmed" and "Four Frightened People." $2.50

JULIAN GRANT LOSES HIS WAY

Do you remember I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER, a novel which caused a tremendous stir in critical circles three years ago? Claude Houghton, author of that remarkable book, has now written another of brilliant and daring design. It pictures a weirdly undimensional heaven-and-hell which may be that next world one sees in a flash when death comes suddenly. It's an important book for those who take an interest in the advance frontiers of fiction. $2.50

ANNE SULLIVAN MACY

A great many comments of delight have been reaching us about Nella Braddy's story of ANNE SULLIVAN MACY, the beloved 'Teacher' who made Helen Keller possible. Harry Hansen says that it's "quite the most affecting book of the day," while John Clair Minot of the Boston Herald notes that it is high time the story be told of this virtually unknown woman, whose crowded and dramatic life stands in the shadow of one of the world's great heroines. The book is winning a select company of genuinely excited enthusiasts. Illustrated. $3.00

NRA

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With a handful of men he plundered a mighty Empire!

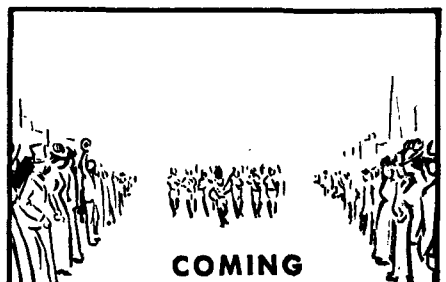
With a few hundred soldiers he destroyed the Aztec civilization as if it were a toy! Here is an amazing, almost unbelievable, but true story of Cortes' conquest of Mexico—a story of gold and blood—of lust and fanaticism—of intrigue and massacre in one of the most colorful periods in the world's history!

CONQUEROR

The Story of Cortes and Montezuma and the Slave Girl, Malinal

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH *Author of "Porto Bello Gold," etc.*

(LIPPINCOTT) AT ALL BOOKSTORES $2.50



COMING

RADETZKY MARCH

by JOSEPH ROTH

A novel which will be discussed everywhere—a work of truly majestic stature $2.50

VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK

The "Supreme Authority"

HERE'S THE ANSWER to your questions about words, persons, places—a wealth of accurate, useful, instantly available knowledge—

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A Merriam-Webster

Accepted and used in courts, libraries, schools. 452,000 entries, 32,000 geographical subjects, 12,000 biographical entries. Over 6,000 illustrations. See it at any bookstore or send for FREE illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
331 Broadway
Springfield, Mass.

WHEN YOU GROPE FOR A WORD USE

Roget's International

THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now $3 Copy

from CROWELL'S

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

Reminiscences of WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

By A. G. Keller

"A little masterpiece of portrait painting . . . These Reminiscences are built up stroke by stroke into a Rembrandt face . . . Keller brings out the character of Sumner in all its saltiness." John Chamberlain in *The New York Times*

Illustrated $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

A Scotchman's View of Our Democracy

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE. By D. W. Brogan. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by BERNARD FAY

MR. BROGAN is a Scotchman. The latest in a long line of foreign commentators upon America, he is as philosophical as de Tocqueville, as familiar with facts as Lord Bryce, and as much at home with statistics and problems as M. Siegfried, though more cautious in regard to them. "The American Political System" is saturated in knowledge. Mr. Brogan knows "the character of the constitution" of the United States, "the age of the democrats," "the age of the Republicans," "the present distribution of party strength"; he knows how the powers of the President grew, and how the rural machine, the city machine, the state machine works in American politics. He knows how Americans advertise. He knows all that they do, all they have told him, and, because he is a Scotchman, he knows also what they have not told him, and he knows that it is the main point; he enjoys knowing it, and he makes you enjoy it thoroughly.

I see in Mr. Brogan another quality that pleases me infinitely. He is a conservative. In modern times the only really free and courageous minds are conservative. The reason is simple and obvious; radicals, progressives, and liberals believe (are they right? I do not know) that they own the present time, that they own the future; and consciously or not, naively or cleverly, they spend most of their energy boosting it. They praise it or they apologize for it, they pat it on the back or they shoo it; anyhow they cannot get over the fact, true or imaginary, that the baby is theirs, and that consequently, "he is such a nice baby."

Mr. Brogan and the intelligent conservatives are conservative not because they own the present,—they know very well that if anybody owns it it is not they—and not because they like it much, but because they do not expect that the future will be much better, and because anyhow they would like to be sure that the future, the different future, is going to be really better before boosting it, and jumping into it. They are critical, detached and, as much as they can be, intelligent. Some succeed. Mr. Brogan does distinctly. He has no hatred for the present, which he tries to preserve, but he has no illusion about it; he feels that joy is an individual thing now as it has always been, and as honesty and beauty are; and consequently he speaks of it clearly and in a penetrating way. He has no hatred for the future, and no enthusiasm; he tries to see it clearly, because he thinks (I hope he does, and I guess he does) that the value of humanity does not depend any more upon its future than upon its past. The future at any rate is a fact, not a hope or a fear.

So there is Mr. Brogan, the Scotchman, Professor in American history at the London School of Economics (Department of Political Science), a very young and very wise professor who has spent many winters in America and many summers in France, and who has read everything, even my articles, even the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies Home Journal*. That is why his book is not entirely a serious book; it is better, it is a true and real book.

He sets forth the idea which is behind each American institution, he describes the working of each institution both as it is supposed to work and as it actually works. He interjects anecdotes; he knows what happened to the medical attendant of Mark Hanna, who was appointed consul near Aix-les-Bains, and the story of the "wayward son" of Maurice Holohan, the Tammany politician who had been arrested by a policeman in a "gambling joint"; he has read the book of genealogy written by "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma on his family, and he tells very well the dramatic downfall of Vice President Charles M. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, whose career was wrecked because he gave three cocktails to Teddy Roosevelt at his home; he does not ignore the influence of rain on elections in Oklahoma, and the serious damage caused by good weather to the Republican party in Pennsylvania in 1926. He does not treat politics as a sacred thing and men as formulas; everywhere his book is filled with real ideas, real stories, and real people.

Politics have been a terrible illness, which has made the nineteenth century cruelly dull and narrow; maybe we are on our way to recovery from it, and if so the book of Mr. Brogan will be a real help. Anyhow, though it is a book on politics, it has none of the bad traits of political theories or theoreticians. It never forgets that life is life, that men are men, that words are words, even when they claim to be principles.

I sincerely hope that the Library of Congress will circulate several copies.

Scientific Philosophy

THE NATURAL SCIENCES. By Bernard Bavink. Translated by H. Stafford Hatfield. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1933. $7.50.

Reviewed by MARK BARR

"EDUCATION," as Henrici, perhaps the greatest teacher of all time, said one day, is sheer Dehiscence." I had to look up the latter word to discover that it meant "the growth of buds when Spring is warm."

Bernard Bavink writes somewhat as Henrici wrote. His "Natural Sciences" will repay diligent application on the part of any reader, whatever his avocation. It will require diligence, but not mastery of difficult subjects which lie far afield. For, strictly speaking, science (apart from its technical, simplifying, time-saving methods of expression) in its highest quality is an esthetic pursuit. Paradoxically it is not so much concerned with fact as with the relation of fact. Its chief work is the removal of "theory,"—if I may use that word in its usual epithetical sense! John Doe and Richard Roe walk through life filled with glib complex "theory." Indeed, their thoughts are complex while science is simple. Too often they mistake a mere exercise of their obsessions for a process of reason. They do not realize that mathematical science was devised to keep the facts in abeyance while we dispassionately examine their relations. Mr. Bavink's book falls into four sections, dealing respectively with Force and Matter; Cosmos and Earth; Matter and Life; Nature and Man. A few of its chapters are, I think, at fault. Thus, there are breaks in the very principles of reasoning which in the earlier chapters have been laid down as permanent and good. Such a one occurs in Part IV, where the author speaks of telepathy and occultism in a way so loose as to make nonsense of his earlier rigid reasoning. Now, there is no greater devastation of right reasoning than that caused by the wish which is father to the thought. I take at random an example of Mr. Bavink's fault in this regard. The author says, in regard to a remarkable "demonstration" by the psychic Mrs. Piper:

> Mrs. Piper, like all mediums, believed that the spirit of the dead uncle (of Oliver Lodge) had been talking through her.

How do we *know* that she did? I will not burden the reader with a myriad cases far more remarkable than Mrs. Piper's, wherein we discovered fraud. I will only say that in the more laboratory-like method given clearly at great length earlier by the author, we saw the urgent necessity of ridding witnesses of Wish. We have not room here to deal at length with such dangerous sources of error, but we will ask one searching question which indicates the danger of loose syllogisms and jumps to interesting conclusions: Suppose that a man (from untraceable causes) has a detailed premonition of a future event:—*e.g.*, that a hitherto unknown person in a hitherto unknown town is to fall dead in a certain spot exactly at 2.17 P. M., three years hence. And suppose that the event does happen *exactly* as prognosticated. Thousands of people will jump to the conclusion that here is proof of a premonition. But pause. According to the overwhelming predominant truth of our experience this would involve a reversal of time effects; it would wreck the very nature of our most clear and certain reasonings by which we live; it would involve a belief in forces which not only transcend forces as we do certainly know them, but it would introduce absolute contradictions in reasoning already accepted by every one of us. But, not to insist upon these dicta,—indeed, to abandon them for the sake of argument with true Socratic courtesy to our opponents, we cannot escape from the fact of rarity, improbability, and discontinuity of fixed law as we know it. Nevertheless, take it as such. But it is then our duty to consider alternative explanations; *e.g.*, to assume that the agreement of event and prognistication was a sheer chance coincidence, which, of course is something also very improbable. Well, who among men can state which assumption is the least improbable? It is no use shouting what comes purely of Wish. Who does know which is the least probable? And if one does not absolutely know, one may not choose that which seems to be most interesting. In many years of laboratory work and other very different work up and down the world, the writer has been overwhelmed to find how far sheer fraud can go in deceiving the wishfully credulous.

Read Mr. Bavink's earlier Parts and note the honorable checking of that Wish which has such bothersome "natural" offspring! Discount the vague chapters.

Mark Barr is a physicist who has worked with Nikola Tesla and Pupin. He is a holder of the Institution of Electrical Engineers Premium Prize and the Gold Medal, Paris, and a contributor of articles on physics and mechanics to technical journals in both England and America.

Mrs. Allinson's Essays

SELECTED ESSAYS. By Anne C. E. Allinson. With a Biography by Gertrude Slaughter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

MRS. ALLINSON'S recent death marked the passing of one who lived in the great New England tradition of feminine scholarship, intellectual eagerness, and moral ardor. She was of the line that began with Margaret Fuller and was carried on by so memorable a succession of seekers and prophetesses. Their mark was not "virility" but a femininity so vigorous and aspiring as to give them unquestioned status in the world of thought. Mrs. Allinson was born in Maine. Her father was Chief Justice of that State, her mother a woman of intellectual ability and broad interests. The girl loved study, led her classes at school and college, took American and German degrees in her stride; chose to teach, married a professor: lived the good life to an extent that may have been almost embarrassing for fallible acquaintances. But she must have been human enough, for she had special success in the ungrateful office of Dean at more than one college. And for her last five or six years of life she wrote a successful daily column for a newspaper, a feat clearly impossible for a mere school-marm or highbrow.

The present volume, however, is primarily a collection of papers revealing her scholarly and "highbrow" aspects. Many of them were originally printed in the older *Atlantic Monthly* and other even more exalted periodicals. They are arranged in four groups, autobiographical, classical, educational, and religious. But a striking thing about Mrs. Allinson was that her interests were not divided. Her two years at Athens with Professor Allinson sharpened and confirmed an old interest in Greece, her physique, her past, and her permanent function.

> Her beauty is born of light and her teaching is light. In Egypt man was mocked by the desert. Small wonder the Christian saints hid themselves there to punish their poor bodies! Here man seeks the sun and stands erect in his dignity. Medievalism, I grant you, must make way for this immortal humanism. The "mystery of suffering" is an invention of distorted minds. Stripped of disguise, suffering is merely an evil to be done away with by Love. This, I take it, is the message of the Acropolis to the Christian.

But Golgotha also (she sees a little later, in the presence of personal grief and the world's torment) has its message for the Acropolis. Medievalism after all found something the antique world lacked, namely the truth that "the mystery of suffering is more lucid than the fact of well-being."

The passage suggests well enough the quality of the woman's thought and expression. She applies the same serious and serene method to reflections on childlessness and old age, on "Virgil and the New Patriotism," on theories of education or problems of faith and conduct. These papers are worth having, and it is well that Pembroke College, which Mrs. Allison served so well as Dean, has taken the pains to gather and preserve them in book form.

Raffles, once a rival to Sherlock Holmes, is to come to life again. E. W. Hornung, his creator, died some years ago, but now his literary executors have given permission to Mr. Barry Perowne to resuscitate this famous character. The gentleman-cracksman's new adventures will be called "Raffles After Dark."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Round About Parnassus

THE poetry of *Winifred Welles* has always given me great pleasure. Her third volume, "Blossoming Antlers" (Viking), I find most satisfying. Between her first and second books ten years elapsed, and I am glad to realize that the interval of publication has now grown shorter. It is only four years since her second volume, "This Delicate Love," appeared.

Miss Welles works with scrupulous care upon poems she evolves without haste or confusion. Her fancy has a peculiar originality when she lets it loose. To illustrate her gift for precise description, lit by the fortunate phrase that makes it poetry, I take her picture of so usual an experience as that of a hot summer day in the country in "Black Feast." It may seem easy to write, but it will repay analysis.

Winifred Welles

Miss Welles's new book has four sections individually titled "Invocation to Fancy," "Twanging Gold," "Lonely and Serene," and "Panels for a Pine Room." "Twanging Gold," title poem of its section, is merely about the sound that sheep make on a far hillside, even as "Hornet on the Counterpane" is simply about that, and "Cider for the Brown Bull" about a bull nuzzling fallen apples in autumn. Miss Welles frequently writes of such apparently trivial phenomena, but presents her observation so adroitly and inimitatably that one is loth to leave the poem. She sees life sometimes as it were in miniature but no less fascinating for that diminishment, as in "Song before Entering Paradise Forever," and she suspects a "secret country" beyond life's horizon, as in "Golden Outline." She also, being the poet she is, sees orchards as though embodied in flame running down a spring hillside, and sleep as a "Merciful Medusa." When clouds go over her cottage they are angel and devil riding "out of the bright northwest." And always observant of animals she can draw a perfect portrait of a young goat and etch in silver two deer drinking at a creek. Among people she inclines to musing both upon young boys and upon spinsters. "River Skater" is a beautiful sketch of athletic grace in winter, just as "Spinster" is an expertly carven cameo. In the last section of panels the New England spinster, indeed, comes into her own, and has never received so delicate a tribute as in these five various poems. The last one, and the last in the book, about "Miss Calkins and the Centaur," is almost terrifying in its realism, and, incidentally, an extremely well-wrought ballad. A delicious humor lurks also between the lines of some of the poems of Miss Welles. Take the one about the two horses that thought the remodeled house was still their old barn!

I cannot dismiss this book without quoting "Design for a Blade," again a poem that seems so easy and natural in its expression as almost to lead us to overlook the exquisite artistry of its creation.

Darkness is broken in a city night.
Towards every window others seem to leap,
Casting on walls clear lozenges of light.
And one awake can watch the one asleep
Stretched still and straight, low-pillowed on pale gilt,
The brilliant body on the oblong bed
Beautiful as a sword, that has for hilt,
Arms whitely crossed behind a silver head.

A Good Anthology

The other books on my shelf I must speak of more briefly. It is too early to comment upon the late *Sara Teasdale's* last and posthumous volume, "Strange Victory" (Macmillan), for the book will not be published until the seventeenth of this month, and will then be reviewed by another hand. *Edmund Blunden's* "Halfway House," a miscellany of new poems, is as dignified a volume as Mr. Blunden always puts forth, and chiefly prosaic and uninspired. I would as lief read Crabbe. Mr. Blunden—it is not a criticism—is dateless, but it needs a particular mood of mine—not frequent—to do him justice.

The American Book Company has been fortunate in getting out an anthology of poetry that can boast a genius like *James Stephens* as one of the editors—only there *is* no genius *like* James Stephens! Anyway, he and Professors *Beck* and *Snow*, who do not so much matter, have chosen from the poems and letters of "The English Romantic Poets" enough to fill a book with good reading, and Stephens himself has penned an estimate of "The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." This, as you might expect, is a bristling individual opinion all compact—rather like a hedgehog—and is therefore about ten times better than the ordinary scholarly prelude to the usual scholarly compilation. So if you would like a really good compendium of the best of *Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Beddoes,* (thank God!) *Campbell, Clare, Hood, Hunt, Lamb, Landor, Mangan, Peacock, Praed, Rogers, Scott, Southey,* and a few others, this fairly large and heavy volume—but of quite good size considering the wealth of its contents—should be just what you need. The prose used reveals the personalties of the various poets, and the biographical material is vivid. There are also interesting facsimiles of poems in the handwriting of various poets, and notes on these illustrations and useful indices.

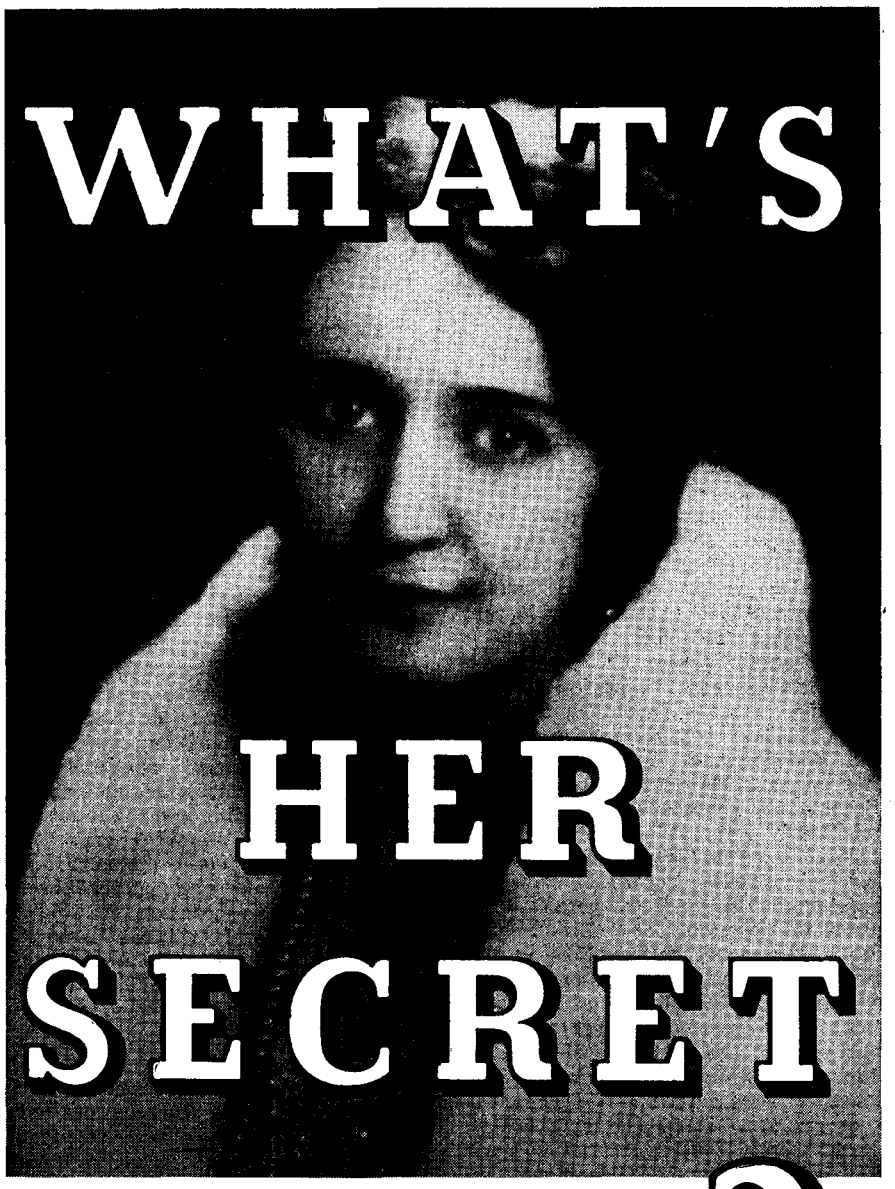
Radical Verse

"We Gather Strength" is put forth by the Liberal Press, Inc., 410 Lafayette Street, New York (35c), with an introduction by that passionate communist, *Michael Gold.* The poets included are *Herman Spector, Joseph Kalar, Edwin Rolfe,* and *S. Funaroff.* Most of the poems originally appeared in *The New Masses.* Now the poetry in *The New Masses* is not so good as was the poetry in the old *Masses,* because for one thing the old *Masses* had an editor-in-chief as wise in matters poetic as *Max Eastman.* Most revolutionary poetry is very bad. I, who am indubitably of the bourgeoisie, have written much better revolutionary poetry than most of the revolutionists. I make the boast because it marks but a slight achievement. Michael Gold in his introduction speaks of doggerel being useful to the Revolution, but admits that reflective poetry is also. One of the poets he presents has been slightly poisoned by the bourgeois poetry of *T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound,* and *William Carlos Williams,* but maybe he will eventually come to Jesus. I like two of *Herman Spector's* lines very much in his description of "Night in New York," and I am wholly serious when I say so. They are

several remarkably interesting ideas
walk up and down the streets. . . .

But that is poetry entirely without music. "Timeclock" has much more, a drone of its own—a story of the vast futility of the modern city. There is promise here. Mr. Spector has taken over some of the affectations of modern poetry. He should learn that they do not mean much of anything. I hope he will be strong enough to blaze a new trail for himself. *Joseph Kalar* has an even drier and hence more searching bitterness. "Papermill" is a good poem, an impressive poem:

Not to be believed, this blunt savage wind
Blowing in chill rooms, this tornado
Surging and bellying across the oil floor
Pushing men out in streams before it;
Not to be believed, this dry fall
Of unseen fog drying the oil
And emptying the jiggling greasecups;
Not to be believed, this unseen hand
Weaving a filmy rust of spiderwebs
Over these turbines and grinding gears,
These snarling chippers and pounding jordans;
These fingers placed to lips saying shshsh;
Keep silent, keep silent, keep silent;
Not to be believed hardly, this clammy silence
Where once feet stamped over the oily floor,
Dinnerpails clattered, voices rose and fell
In laughter, curses, and songs. Now the guts
Of this mill have ceased their rumbling, now
The fires are banked and red changes to black,
Steam is cold water, silence is rust, and quiet
Spells hunger. Look at these men, now,
Standing before the iron gates, mumbling,
"Who could believe it? Who could believe it?"



Why have all her books* been mystery best-sellers? Why have they been translated into almost every civilized language? Why did she win the famous Scotland Yard Prize? Why has she become so swiftly the most popular author in her own field—the novel of fear and mystery?

You'll find the answer in this startling new novel—about the mysterious threat of death that hung over old Madame Petrie in her fog-shrouded Chicago mansion: about Crafft, subtle master of detection from Chicago police headquarters, about the man who would not eat "grape hair, nor yet glocks!", about lovely Katie Warren, who was to see death strike before her eyes, was to hear a man whisper to her a simple message that turned her blood to water, was to find the clue that put a noose around the neck of the person she loved most dearly.

These people, and many others as absorbing, live and move in Mignon G. Eberhart's finest mystery—a masterpiece of terror and excitement. A Crime Club selection. Just published, and $2.00 at all good bookstores from coast to coast.

THE DARK GARDEN

by

MIGNON G. EBERHART

Author of *"The White Cockatoo," "Murder by an Aristocrat," "From This Dark Stairway," "The Mystery of Hunting's End," "While the Patient Slept," "The Patient in Room 18."

The Crime Club, Inc. Garden City, N. Y.

ROBINSON JEFFERS'

NEW BOOK OF POEMS

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS

JUST PUBLISHED · $2.50

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

Send to 20 E. 57 St., New York, for a catalogue listing new books by O'Neill, Joyce, Faulkner, Gide, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to Miss Loveman, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Repositories of Song

WHAT do you think the bride was dressed in?
White swiss dress and green glass breastpin,
White kid shoes—were very interesting,
Monkey was very much pleased.

And "the bearings of this observation," as Captain Bunsby would say, "lies in the application on it." The application is merely that *G. L. of Englewood, N. J.*, has asked us whether we know of any recent books with old songs in them. That's an easy one, for we had to go no further than our own shelves to find Sigmund Spaeth's "Read 'em and Weep" (Doubleday, Doran) from which we filched the tag of verse at the head of our column. Mr. Spaeth's collection is arranged chronologically beginning with "Yankee Doodle," and ending with "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" and "The Curse of An Aching Heart," after taking in its stride such classics as "Frankie and Johnnie," "After the Ball," and "Lardy Dah." A second volume by Mr. Spaeth, called "Weep Some More, My Lady" (Doubleday, Doran), contains further familiar songs. Both these volumes furnish the tunes only. So do Frank Shay's "Pious Friends and Drunken Companions" and "More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions" (Macaulay). But Carl Sandburg's "The American Songbag" (Harcourt, Brace), an excellent collection of nearly three hundred songs, ballads, and ditties, contains the full music. The music accompanies the songs also in "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" (New York: Gold Label Books), by Niles, Moore, and Wallgren. This is a spicy selection, compiled largely from songs popular during the war.

On a Word and a Custom

Having begun with a wedding verse, we proceed to a wedding feast, or rather a post-wedding "collation." For that, we have discovered, is what the "infair," or more properly "infare," concerning the meaning and source of which *B. M. S. of Fowler, Ill.*, asks us, is. "Recently, while in the country," he writes, "I listened to two delightful old ladies [aunts of mine] reminiscing about their girlhood. One remembered that on the day of her 'infair a comet blazed across the sky, causing many to think the end of the world had come. . . ." We're frank to confess that we had never heard the word, and the dictionaries at hand failing to yield it, at least under the spelling "infair," we made our way to the public library, and there penetrated into the holy of holies—the attendants' room sandwiched in between the reference libraries and entered through wooden portals—where, awful in its majesty, stands the great Oxford English Dictionary. From that authority we discovered that the word is Scotch in origin, is dialect, and is in use in the western United States as well as in Scotland. It means a feast or entertainment given on entering a new house; especially at the reception of a bride in her new home. It generally implies the meal on the day following the wedding, which the O. E. D. (we grow English in our use of abbreviations at the mere thought of the dictionary) realistically describes as usually "of scraps" left over from the wedding feast. As far back as 1375, Barbour Bruce wrote "For he thoucht for till mak Infair, And till mak gud cher till his men," and along toward the end of the eighties *Harper's Magazine* had a story in which the statement was made: "The wedding and the infair were attended . . . by Wiley." There's a secondary meaning, too, to the word, which is that of "a cake of shortbread broken over the bride's head on crossing the threshold of her new home." And now we've suddenly bethought us of looking up "infare" (instead of "infair") in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and have found it there, too. Good old Webster!

Digs and How to Dig

We're shamelessly confessing our ignorance on one subject after another today. Well, since it's said an honest confession is good for the soul, we'll go on to admit that when we received a request from *F. J. J., of Evanston*, Ill., for suggestions as to books that would help her prepare for field service in archæology, we decided that our own meager information on the subject ought to be supplemented—or supplanted—by that of an expert. So we asked our friend, Miss Hetty Goldman, whose account of her own excavations in Eutresis the Harvard University Press published not long ago, for her advice. She, in true scholarly fashion, implored us to admonish F. J. J. that she can get nowhere with field work unless she first acquires some background of knowledge in her subject, and that since the scope of archæology is as far-flung as civilization she must decide what particular portion of it she wishes to concentrate upon. Classical Greek or Roman; Mesopotamian, Far Eastern; American Indian, North and South; prehistoric? It sounds as though we were a train dispatcher, shunting people off to the ends of the earth. We wish we ourselves were being bundled into one of the leisurely trains that amble along the blue waters of the Ægean revealing incredibly lovely views of mountain and sea as they draw on from Patras to Athens. And we'd like once again to stand at the Dipylon Gate where, if F. J. J. has not yet seen it, she would find how completely a ruined civilization needs the archæologist's knowledge to restore it to being. But our longings won't help her to that knowledge. We'd far better give them over and print Miss Goldman's list of volumes which should be of far greater assistance to her. Here they are:

Classical—Handbook of Greek Archæology, by H. N. Fowler and J. R. Wheeler (American Book Co.); A Companion to Greek Studies, by Leonard M. A. Whibley (Macmillan); A Companion to Latin Studies, by A. Sandys (Macmillan); Archæological Excavation, by John Percival Droop (Macmillan); Crete, the Forerunner of Greece, by C. H. Hawes and H. A. B. Hawes (Harpers), and the chapters on Art and Archæology and the excellent bibliographies in the Cambridge Ancient History.

Prehistory—The Mycenæan Age, by Tsountas and Marratt (Houghton Mifflin); The Dawn of European Civilization, by Vere Gordon Childe (Knopf).

General—Seventy Years in Archæology, by Flinders Petrie (London: Marston); The Dawn of European Civilization, by Vere Gordon Childe (Knopf); Schliemann, the Story of a Gold Seeker, by Emil Ludwig (Putnam); Magic Spades, by R. V. D. Magoffin (Holt).

T. E. Lawrence

Speaking of archæology reminds us that we have an inquiry from *F. W. B., of Hartford, Conn.*, as to whether T. E. Lawrence has published anything other than "Revolt in the Desert" and his translation of the Odyssey. So far as we know he has not, for "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," a sumptuous work which was privately issued, was "Revolt in the Desert" in an enlarged form. Lawrence, or Shaw as he is now called, though a classicist and an archæologist, has led a life too often strenuous for lavish writing, having spent much time at his excavations in pre-war days and in vivid adventure after 1914. The very last time we heard anything unofficially about him was when Mr. Bruce Rogers, that prince of typographers, allowed us to read a portion of a closely written letter he had not long before received from Lawrence. And what a letter! Pungent, vivacious, reflective all at once. Then, too, there was that dramatic story we were told of his return to Arabia to hold tryst with the tribes he controlled during the World War. Like a falling star he dropped from the sky in his airplane at a moment appointed months in advance by himself, to be swept up and whirled about in a frenzy of acclamation by the circling hordes of Arabs who had been gathering with a thunder of hoofs for the meeting. Romance still lives while there are Lawrences in the world.

The Birds and the Beasts Are Here

But we must keep ourselves in hand, and instead of playing with the fringes of our subject, stick close to question and answer. *L. G. G., of Greenville, North Carolina*, wants to know where to find Frank Stockton's "The Discourager of Hesitancy," the sequel to his "The Lady or the Tiger?" in which he sets forth his solution to the problem raised in the earlier story. It is now out of print but is contained in Volume I of "The Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton," a subscription set, and in "The Christmas Wreck and Other Stories," both of which collections were issued by Scribners. Also L. G. G. wants advice as to good but inexpensive nature books which could be used by small boys on an East Tennessee farm. She will find Anna B. Comstock's "Handbook of Nature Study" (Ithaca, N. Y., Comstock Publishing Co.: $4), a useful and comprehensive volume, covering animals, insects, birds, flowers, etc., and lavishly illustrated. Doubleday, Doran issues a Pocket Nature Library ($1.50 a volume in leatherette, $1.25 in linen) which includes guides to birds, flowers, butterflies, and trees. There are two bird guides—one for water birds and one for birds of prey, and individual ones on the trees of various sections. These all have colored illustrations from which the child can make his own identifications, and are concise, and simple in style. A more comprehensive work on birds than these small volumes is Neltje Blanchan's "Birds," which is one of the volumes in the Nature Library published by Nelson Doubleday. This costs $2.50. The popular Burgess books on animals, birds, and flowers, in which the information is presented in story form, with many illustrations, have long been favorites with young children. They are issued by Little, Brown at $2.50 a volume.

How to Behave

From animal behavior to human is a considerable leap, but we make it in answering the request of *G. N., of Grand Island, Neb.*, for a practical book of etiquette. Emily Post's, of which of course she knows, is generally regarded as one of the most useful books of the sort. Others, all of which, like Mrs. Post's, are accounted good and have been widely popular, are "Vogue's Book of Etiquette" (Doubleday, Doran), by the editors of *Vogue;* "The New Book of Etiquette" (Garden City Publishing Co.: Star Series), by Lillian Eichler, which contains a great amount of detail, and "The Cyclopædia of Social Usage" (Putnam), by Helen L. Roberts. The latest book in the field is the witty and clever "No Nice Girl Swears" (Knopf), by Edna Woolman Chase, which devotes itself to the problems of the debutante and is most entertaining in the doing of it.

The Readers' Exchange

Clarke Olney, Assistant Professor of English at the Johnstown Center of University of Pittsburgh, Johnstown, Pa., is anxious to discover the whereabouts of the Journals of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the English painter. They seem to have been left in twenty-six manuscript volumes. If anyone can assist Mr. Olney to locate them, or can furnish him information on any other Haydon manuscripts, or any paintings, now in this country, we shall be glad to pass the word on to him. For the Edward Bellamy Association of New York we transmit the news of its emergence from the old Edward Bellamy Group of Brooklyn. The organization, which is strictly non-partisan and non-commercial, is devoted to achieving a social and economic system as advocated in "Looking Backward" and "Equality." Among the honorary members of the organization are Heywood Broun, John Dewey, and Roger N. Baldwin. Its address is P. O. Box 484, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

The Children's Bookshelf

ANNE ALINE! by Margaret Doane Fayerweather (McBride: $2.), is a timely and refreshingly novel addition to stories for girls. Anne's father and the father of her close school friend, Pauline, are keenly interested in politics. The latter is elected Governor of New York. Both girls, consequently, are not only intimately concerned with the workings of government but they have the fun and thrills of being behind scenes at the State House and Governor's Mansion. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt writes an appreciative introduction to the book in which she says: ". . . I find myself hoping that many girls and many boys will find in it [Mrs. Fayerweather's story] what I have found—a vivid sense of government as a human, vital thing. Here—interwoven with the story of two attractive girls, a really charming home and the fun of living in the country—is this other life, the life of the governor of the state and his close associates. Here one sees for oneself the legislature assembling. Here a visit to the Supreme Court is a real adventure. All of it made up of people, working together."

"College on Horseback," by Esther Greenacre Hall (Smith & Haas: $2), is an entertaining account of a Colorado ranch girl's freshman year at Sierra (descriptions, traditions, and slang point unmistakably to Stanford University.) Holly Daggett's nostalgia induces her to squander fifteen ill-afforded dollars on the moth-eaten Napoleon, a steed whom only a real horsewoman would recognize. He in turn leads her into various campus adventures and the start of her riding class which ingeniously grows into such a paying business that Holly is able to remain happily in college.

"Dusky Days, by Florence C. Means (Houghton Mifflin: $2.) is really Loduska Day, also a freshman at a coeducational college in California. The story of both girls is similar in that each is competently presented as the naive individualist struggling to adjust—to gain a foothold somehow with the groups, and both must earn as they learn. But "College on Horseback" is blessed with an original idea convincingly worked out while "Dusky Day" although quite readable, is concerned with more usual girls and boys and their usual college activities.

Latest Books of the Outstanding Poets of America and England

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Talifer

A New Narrative Poem

In lines of inimitable beauty, Mr. Robinson again reveals his exceptional insight into the workings of the human heart. His story, modern in plot and setting, deals with the reactions of four persons to a deep emotional crisis. Here are humor, pity, and the swift, deep movement which always marks Robinson's verse.

$1.75

John Masefield

End and Beginning

A poem-drama of the last days and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. The title is from Mary's courageous remark, "In my end is my beginning," when notified of the death sentence. Masefield in his powerful lines, rich in depth and beauty, makes this splendid realization his theme for this outstanding poem.

$1.50

at any bookstore

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S ESSAYS. Selections from his complete works. Edited with an introduction and notes by Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $3.

Although the fact seems to be unmentioned, this volume is with minor exceptions a reprint, selling for three dollars, of Professor Perry's much less expensive "Selections from the Prose Works of Ralph Emerson," published in 1926 in the Riverside College Classics. In reprinting, a few unimportant changes have been made. The brief bibliography has been shifted from the front to the back of the book. For the older section headed "Letters" there has been substituted a section headed "Out of Doors," containing the essays "Country Life," and "Concord Walks," hardly comparable in intrinsic value to some of the great essays omitted. Most of the other selections are well chosen. To the scanty and not very critical bibliography have been added references to Rusk's forthcoming edition of Emerson's letters, and to studies of Emerson by Sakmann, Russell, Michaud, Carpenter, Van Wyck Brooks, and Parry himself. In the Introduction the word "student" is changed to "reader" in designating the person addressed; the change is well advised, since the volume is one much better suited to the needs of the general reader than to the needs of the student. For the eight-page Introduction is of the sort which the former will describe as charming and uncontaminated with pedantry, while the latter will be apt to regard it, when compared with recent studies of Emerson, as perfunctory, lacking in precision, and as evading the great problems in the interpretation of Emerson's thought by repeating Dodges such as "he refuses labels and classifications." Our scholarly journals contain precise and exhaustive studies of the influence on Emerson of such factors as the frontier, science, current views of evil, American politics, romanticists such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle and current theories of literary expression and criticism; but none of these important modern studies seem to be mentioned or drawn upon. The book will be, however, a pleasant and reasonably sound introduction to Emerson for the middle-aged novel-reader who finds vague generalities enjoyable. H. H. C.

Biography

DOCK WALLOPER. The Story of "Big Dick" Butler. By Richard J. Butler and Joseph Driscoll. Putnam. 1933. $2.50.

A gigantic London-born Irishman who fought his way—not infrequently with his fists—from the slums of the New York waterfront to a seat in the Assembly, who helped Harry Thaw to escape from Matteawan, who was head of the longshoremen during the war, and who heard the shots which killed Herman Rosenthal, with whom he had been talking only a few minutes before, has obvious biographical possibilities. He and the writer who undertakes to translate the action and the color of his life and personality into print are also under the temptation to exaggerate, if not to invent. In this volume the reader is put on his guard at the outset by the ambiguous statement that what "Big Dick" relates "is the gospel truth, mellowed and strengthened by age like the whisky of which he is so fond." The book, however, is doubtless essentially accurate and it is certainly entertaining, with its stories of ballot-box stuffing, "beating up" of opponents, and wire-pulling, and graft.

"Old days" are likely to seem more picturesque than those of the present, especially to one who has lived in them, and hence it is not surprising, if a bit amusing, to see "Big Dick" ranging himself with *laudatores acti*. In doing so he makes an occasional slip, as when he remarks, "Elections nowadays are sissy affairs. Nobody gets killed any more." Only a few days ago somebody got killed in New York in connection with a primary election. He also makes the statement that "there's no better practical politician in the country" than John F. Curry, the leader of Tammany Hall. If this statement was ever true, it is left looking silly by recent developments. Grafting, he finds, has had to change some of its methods. You can't simply collect and put the money into the bank, because that leaves a record. So does a check. Then there is the income tax law. Nor can you safely buy real estate or other tangible property, because such transactions are easily traced. Even if you take cash, you have to inspect it to see that it is not marked. "The safest way to do is to spend the money as fast as it pours in." Many grafters have always followed that course, including "Big Dick." R. J. D.

Fiction

A WICKED WOMAN. By Anne Austin. Macmillan. 1933. $2.

Miss Austin, highly successful with murder mysteries, now tries a different sort of murder story. Naomi Trice, maltreated wife of an East Texas poor white, kills her husband under circumstances that would have won her an acquittal from any jury on earth. Too ignorant to realize this, and tormented by a revival-trained conscience, she makes a bargain with God—given ten years to bring up her five children, she would thereafter be ready to confess her crime if the remains were ever discovered.

This may be plausible enough, given Naomi's background; but what follows strains credulity beyond endurance. Naomi is instantly and unfailingly successful, her children are all preternaturally brilliant, she becomes a civilized person. (All this in Waco, whither she had moved from Beaumont after the killing.) Improbable luck is balanced by improbable misery; Naomi retains her sense of sin, does her best to keep her children from loving her, and persistently refuses the man she passionately desires even though he is faithful to her with nothing to go on but a kiss every two years. Even the author seems to realize that this last is a bit implausible; but she asks you to swallow all the rest, including a couple of newspaper editors who seem to have more leisure to devote to working for Naomi than any newspaper editors known to this reviewer ever had for anything. It is pretty hard to sympathize with a heroine whose only misfortunes are in her own, or her creator's imagination. Eventually, in the murder trial which clears Naomi, Miss Austin gets back to her own stuff, and does it very well. E. D.

THE FLUTTER OF AN EYELID. By Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

"South Wind" was published in 1917, and ever since then novelists have been trying to improve on it. This one, about a colony of halfwits in Southern California, is a little honey. Some people may read it with the idea of getting the dope on certain local celebrities, thinly disguised, but these are even less interesting here than in the newspapers. Myron Brinig's previous novels showed signs of a serious talent. Try this, by way of contrast:

> He observed that she had a way of fluttering her eyelids with their long golden lashes.
>
> "And you?" he dared to address her at last. "What do you do?"
>
> "I give and receive pain," she said.
>
> "Ah, that's interesting," said Caslon, already in pain.
>
> Lad said nothing. . . . Another young woman, a few yards away, dressed in a severe, tailored suit, was also receiving pain from Sylvia. Above the heads of the two young women and the young man, the leaves of a pepper tree rustled in torrents of impetuous desire; nearby, the cacti were phallic in shape. The sun had an aphrodisiacal glow and warmth.

Like it? E. C.

LEAVE THE SALT EARTH. By Richard Warren Hatch. Covici-Friede. 1933. $2.25.

This is the second novel in a group, collectively titled "The Bradfords," of which the first was called "Into the Wind." In "Leave the Salt Earth," the story of the Bradford family is carried on into the 'seventies. The new England family, traditionally active in shipping and farming, feels here the influence of new conditions, when ship-building is no longer profitable and when the soil is insufficient to support a large family. One of the young Bradfords strikes out in the steel mills, and after a time at Pittsburgh returns to kill himself—accidentally—in a desperate and foolhardy attempt to prove that the adopted daughter of the family, Ellen, really loves him. Thomas goes to sea for a time, but in the end realizes that the day of the sailing ship is past, and goes to work in Boston as a printer.

The story is told with meticulous finish, in carefully rounded episodes that veil, but do not obscure, its lack of much inner

(*Continued on following page*)

A Distinguished New Novel

By SUSAN ERTZ

The author of *Madame Claire* and many other successes has written a truly memorable novel in this story of a passionate love that swings from England to the American frontier and is there tested in the fierce fires of fanaticism and pioneer hardships. "Always sincere and often moving."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

This is an Appleton-Century Book

At booksellers $2.50

THE Proselyte

By the author of Madame Claire, The Galaxy, Etc.

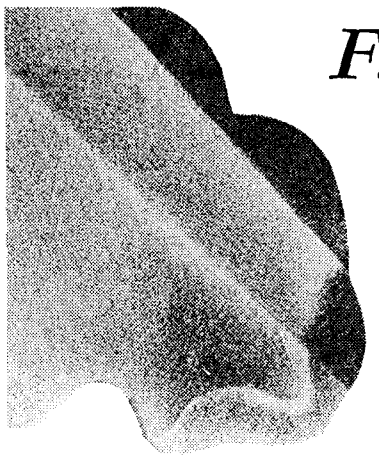
A Companion Volume to "A Child's History of the World"

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ART *By V. M. HILLYER and EDWARD G. HUEY*

A book that carries the child along the highways of the world's art and gives him a taste for an interest in man's creation of beauty. It presents the whole panorama of painting, sculpture, and architecture through the ages in the same lively and entertaining manner that made classics of Mr. Hillyer's previous books. With 182 illustrations which reproduce the great art treasures of the world.

At booksellers $3.50

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY 35 West 32nd Street, New York



Fly with Jacques Bernis

Swift as the wind in the wings, throbbing as the motor of his giant *avion*, love fills the life of a gifted pilot. In this novel of Jacques Bernis, and his Genevieve, the author of "Night Flight" has written another epic of the air; "he writes of love like a Frenchman and of flying like a pilot." —Ben Ray Redman, *Herald Tribune "Books."*

by ANTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY

SOUTHERN MAIL *(Courrier Sud)*

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club $2.00

HARRISON SMITH and ROBERT HAAS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S

NEW PLAY

"AH, WILDERNESS!"

JUST PUBLISHED

REGULAR EDITION . . $2.50

LIMITED, SIGNED EDITION $15

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

Send to 20 E. 57 St., New York, for a catalogue listing new books by Jeffers, Joyce, Faulkner, Gide, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE BOOKS ARE HEADING

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Mr. Canby has written this very interesting article for the next issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW. He discusses the way books are reflecting the new trends of life in America and the dangerously critical situation in Europe during the past few months and whether this leads toward literature or away from it. One thing is certain, some very exciting books have recently been published and others are about to appear. You will want to read this article.

NEXT WEEK

IN

The Saturday Review of Literature

25 W. 45th St., New York City

(*Continued from preceding page*)

vitality. The splashes of romantic color seem a bit too conscientiously applied. We get a breath of New England—the real New England, of sailing ships and rocky hills—but very little of its vigorous, lusty life. C. S.

DESCRIBE A CIRCLE. By Martin Hare. Harpers. 1933. $2.

Miss Martin Hare wrote a novel called "The Enchanted Winter" which lived up to its title. "Describe a Circle" is typically disappointing, in the manner of so many second novels. It isn't bad; it just isn't much of anything. Fanny, the heroine, chucks her wealthy middle-aged lover with the purpose of finding the good life; she goes through several mild little episodes, and ends by falling in love with some one much more uncongenial than the one she gave up in the first place. The idea is to be a pleasant little English comedy, but like English cooking it succeeds only in being English. E. C.

Poetry

RUSSIAN HEROIC POETRY. By N. Kershaw Chadwick. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). $4.

Russia possesses a rich and varied store of popular ballads, the two most important divisions of which are the *byliny* and the historical songs. The *byliny*, the oldest and the most interesting class of the ballads, deal with subjects of earlier date than the formation of the Muscovite state; many of them concern heroes connected with the court of Prince Vladimir of Kiev, who ruled in the tenth century, a smaller number have their setting in the free city of Novgorod. They treat of only about forty subjects, preserved in almost countless variants. After the sixteenth century they gave way to the "historical songs," which, though they preserve the general technique of the *byliny*, are poorer in imaginative quality, tending to become a mere chronicle of events, a sort of oral newspaper.

Hitherto there has been available in English only one volume devoted entirely to translations of the Russian ballads, Miss Hapgood's "Epic Songs of Russia," first published in 1886. Miss Hapgood fashioned out of the *byliny*, to which she confines her attention, a good story book, which gives an adequate idea of the content of the most important ballads, but hardly any conception of their style. Mrs. Chadwick's volume is far more satisfactory. In it, following closely the texts found in the Russian collections, to which she refers accurately, she gives literal, line for line translations of selected ballads, ranging in subject from the mythical Svyatogor to the campaign of Nicholas I against Warsaw in 1831. Her introductions and notes are in general competent, setting forth the condition of ballad poetry when it was collected from the peasantry in the nineteenth century, and giving some information as to the present views concerning it. In a word, her book deserves a hearty welcome from all English readers interested either in folk lore or in Russian literature. G. R. N.

Religion

FAITH: AN HISTORICAL STUDY. By Stuart Means. Macmillan. 1933. $2.50.

The Pastor Emeritus of Saint John's Protestant Episcopal Church in New Haven, Conn., has poured the fruits of over thirty years of study into a book which traces the forces that mould the different forms of expression which faith has taken throughout the history of the Church. The result is a compact and readable book which reveals not only a wide acquaintance, but also a deep sympathy, with the thought of the great minds of the past. Dr. Means begins with the origin and development of the concept in Judaism, and then describes its full flowering in the New Testament. He follows the course of faith through the difficult second and third centuries. Its fortunes through the break-up of the classic world, the age of the Schoolmen, and the time of the Reformation, are shown as they are reflected in the lives and thought of Saint Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and Martin Luther respectively.

The book is valuable not only for the intrinsic worth of its scholarly approach, but also for its interesting excursions into the mystery religions, Manicheanism, Pelagianism, and the monastic movement. The author reveals a rare gift of insight into the manifold influences which went to make up these systems. His debt to Harnack, whose "Apostles' Creed" he has translated, is manifest. It is to be regretted that he does not introduce any of the conflict which faith has had in modern times with science, or that he does not introduce any of those movements which are affecting faith today, particularly in Germany. Irrespective of these limitations, Dr. Means has written an interesting book, full of sound scholarship, one which is as useful as it is interesting. E. D.

Science

THE WORLD OF FOSSILS. By Carroll Lane Fenton. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.

The world of fossils to Dr. Fenton is no dry assemblage of stones and bones, but the epic of life itself, of the origin, heyday, and extinction of race after race of living beings. He tells of their lives, whence they came, what they looked like, how they lived and how they died, and of their importance in the evolution of the stream of life. In this spirit he has drawn the illustrations, to show how the animals he tells of looked in their natural environments. Their history he begins in the Cambrian seas, some six hundred million years ago, when the trilobite, a distant relative of our modern horseshoe crab, was the dominant form. At this period the long evolution of living forms was already well on its way, which is something Dr. Fenton should possibly have emphasized more for the benefit of the layman so as to make clear that, after all, even Cambrian life had a long and honorable ancestry.

Following the trilobites, the author traces the rise of successively higher forms, each from a lowly beginning, and tells the story of typical examples; the armored fish, weird and sluggish amphibians, and their descendants the reptiles which took to the air, the sea and, as gigantic and bizarre dinosaurs, ruled the earth. These in turn vanished, leaving the stage to the mammals; and the mammals themselves, Dr. Fenton believes, are already on the decline. Man himself, far from being a unique development, repeats the old story of a succession of races spreading over the land,—fighting, warring, ending in extinction for some races while a more generalized type was left to propagate a new form of dominant life. So destructive is the new genus *Homo* that its coming Dr. Fenton sees as the greatest calamity the earth has sustained, one from which only insects and germs have benefited. But "in this power to destroy lies man's chief guarantee of a future" says the author, with the qualification that ". . . the course of life will cease to hold if his species, at least, does not die."

Professor Fenton rounds out his tale by telling how animals, long since gone from the face of the earth were preserved in mud and sand, to be excavated now, millions of years later, from the rocks into which those sediments have hardened. Nor does he neglect to tell the reader how the paleontologist goes about his task of hunting for those same bones, and the care with which he must frequently extract them from their stony cases. A brief history of the study of fossils, a list of references for further reading and of good fossil collections, a glossary of names, and an index complete the book. Dr Fenton has done an excellent piece of work in popularizing the story of fossils so soundly and so readably, for the benefit of the layman. S. F. K.

Latest Books Received

ART

Rockwellkentiana. R. Kent and C. Zigrosser. Harcourt. $3.75.

BELLES LETTRES

America in Search of Culture. W. A. Orton. Little, Brown. $3.

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas Jefferson. G. Lisitzky. Viking. $2.50. *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence.* J. M. Murry. Holt. $2.50. *The Great Doctors.* H. E. Sigerist, M.D. Norton. $4. *John Henry Newman.* J. E. Ross. Norton. $2.75. *Dolly Gann's Book.* D. Gann. Doubleday. $2.50. *An Astronomer's Life.* E. B. Frost. Houghton. $3.50.

ECONOMICS

The Economic World Today. Ed. F. Morley. Univ. of Chic. Pr. $1.

EDUCATION

Types of Prose Writing. Ed. C. H. Stoves and De W. T. Starnes. Houghton. $2. *Heath Readings in the Literature of Europe.* Ed. T. P. Cross and C. H. Slover. Heath. *Readings in the Modern Essay.* Ed. E. S. Noyes. Houghton. $1.40. *Social Development in Young Children.* S. Isaacs. Harcourt. $4. *Healthy Childhood.* H. C. Stuart. Apple. *Happy Childhood.* J. E. Anderson. Apple. *Busy Childhood.* J. C. Foster. Apple. *Molders of the American Mind.* N. Woelfel. Columbia Univ. Pr. $3.

FICTION

Pilgrim Cottages. C. Roberts. Apple. $2.50. *To Live Alone.* D. M. Kaye. Stokes. $2. *Describe a Circle.* M. Hare. Harp. $2. *The Ladies.* S. Hopkins. Harpers. $2. *The Proselyte.* S. Ertz. Apple. $2.50. *Solid Citizen.* McC. Huston. McBri. $2. *Five Fatal Days.* J. Woodford. New York: Carlyle House. $2. *Winners.* R. B. Chamberlin. Abington. $1.50 *Beyond Law.* F. B. Linderman. Day. $2. *From an Ozark Holler.* V. Randolph. Vanguard. $2. *Chinese Destinies.* A. Smedley. Vanguard. $3. *Gentlemen, Hush!* H. H. Knibbs and T. Lummis. Houghton. $2. *A Nice Long Evening.* E. Corbett. Apple. $2. *Madame Clapain.* E. Estaunié. Apple. $2.50. *Quentin Durward, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth,* Sir W. Scott. Modern Library. $1. *Three Lives.* G. Stein. Modern Library. 95c. *The Way Beyond.* J. Farnol. Little, Brown. $2.50. *The Broad Highway.* J. Farnol. Little, Brown. $2.50. *F. P. I. Does Not Reply.* K. Siodmak. Little, Brown. $2. *No Castle in Spain.* W. McFee. Doubleday. $2.50. *The Curse of the Wise Woman.* Lord Dunsany. Longmans. $2. *The Woods Colt.* T. Williamson. Harcourt. $2. *The Avatars.* A. E. Macmil. $1.50. *Flush.* V. Woolf. Harcourt. $2. *One More River.* J. Galsworthy. Scrib. $2.50. *Cash Item.* C. Brody. Longmans. $2. *The Dark Garden.* M. Eberhart. Crime Club. $2. *Hell's Desert.* F. H. Spearman. Doubleday. $2. *Three Cities.* Sholom Asch. Trans. E. and W. Muir. Put. $3. *Gay Life.* E. W. Delafield. Harp. $2.50. *Comrades of the Storm.* P. B. Kyne. Kinsey. $2. *Eyes of the Wilderness.* C. G. D. Roberts. Macmil. $1.90. *Oil for the Lamps of China.* A. T. Hobart. Bobbs. $2.50. *A Wicked Woman.* A. Austin. Macmil. $2. *She Saw Them Go By.* H. W. Chapman. Houghton. $2.50. *The Veil of Veronica.* G. von Le Fort. Sheed. $2.50. *Red Clay.* F. A. Kummer. Sears. $2. *Old San Francisco.* R. Comfort Mitchell. Apple. 4 vols. $5.

GOVERNMENT

Government in a Depression. Ed. T. H. Reed. Univ. of Chi. Pr. $1. *Legislatures and Legislative Problems.* Ed. T. H. Reed. Univ. of Chi. Pr. $1.

FOREIGN

Thomas Mann's Novel, *Der Zauberberg.* H. J. Weigand. Apple.

HISTORY

Introduction to Western Civilization. Ed. G. A. Hedges. Doubleday. $3.50. *The Jails of Virginia.* F. W. Hoffer, D. M. Mann, and F. N. House. Apple. $5. *The Two Franklins.* B. Fay. Little, Brown. $3.50. *War Memoirs of David Lloyd George,* 1914-1915. Little, Brown. $4. *The Right of Search and the Slave Trade in Anglo-American Relations,* 1814-1862. H. G. Soulsby. Johns Hopkins Pr. $1.75. *The Stream of History.* G. Parsons. Scrib. $3.

INTERNATIONAL

The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror. World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism. Knopf. $2.50.

JUVENILE

Pepito the Colt. R. Orton and D. Thorne. Houghton. $1. *Get-a-Way and Harry Janos.* M. and M. Petersham. Viking. $2. *No. 11 Joy Street.* Ed. M. Lynn. Apple. *The Apprentice of Florence.* A. D. Kyle. Houghton. $2. *Chinese Rhymes for Children.* I. T. Headland. Revell. $2.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
UNTHINKABLE *Francis Sibson* (Smith and Haas: $2.)	Survivors of ill-fated Antarctic expedition find derelict steamer with crew of skeletons—one with its fist clenched.	Thriller, not detective yarn, and capitally done. Closing chapters on what adventurers find at home amazingly good.	Excellent
S. S. MURDER *Q. Patrick* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Girl reporter on ocean voyage writes letters to sweetheart about a poisoning and a drowning and her deductions.	Stands high among popular aquatic mysteries. Lively dialogue, spooky atmosphere, and puzzling problem.	Very good
MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE *Walter C. Brown* (Lippincott: $2.)	Policeman and unknown man disguised as wealthy rounder found dead in mansion dining-room and Steve Harper finds few clues.	Society intrigues and marital philanderings tend to gum action of otherwise excellent thriller.	Readable
THE DARK GARDEN *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Crime Club: $2.)	Crafft, astute Chicago detective, solves questionable murder of eccentric old lady on fog-shrouded Lake Shore estate.	Notable for breath-taking suspense, clever sleuthing, real characters, and an air-tight solution.	You'll shudder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATALOGUE No. 18

To be issued in October

500 Early

JUVENILES

at

moderate prices

Sent free on application

GUMUCHIAN & CO.

112, rue de Richelieu

PARIS, FRANCE

America in the Southwest

A Regional Anthology by T. M. Pearce and Telfair Hendon.

Forty-five Southwestern authors with introductory essay and biographical notes. University of New Mexico Press.

Albuquerque, N. M. **$3.00**

PERSONALS

HOUSEKEEPER, DIETITIAN, EXCELLENT COOK and **ECONOMIST** desires supervisory position with appreciative family of refinement. Vicinity, New York, or points South. Also trained in editorial and research work, tutoring, golf, sewing, general usefulness. Can drive a car. Would travel. Box 229.

WRITER wants to meet another for mutual criticism and discussion. N. F.

THE "NEW YORKER," September 16, links our greatest University heads with "stuffed pigs." "Stuffed shirts" is as far as I should dare with our Professors of English literature who deny their pupils the truth about the real "Shake-speare." I know that Professors Tucker Brooke, Yale; Hotson, Haverford; Rosenbach, Pennsylvania, shudder at such crude analyses. They make me laugh, they are so funny trying to ignore me. George Frisbee.

FRAGRANT Balsam pillows, $1.35, postpaid. Smiling Cow Shop, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

BRILLIANT Bits and Screaming Hits. 25 cents (coin). Wray's, 2537 Cass, Detroit.

ATTRACTIVE young lady, 20, would like position as social secretary or traveling companion—in fact, anything interesting. Nice personality. References. Loves to travel. Needs work. Box 241.

FREUDIANS, literati, freethinkers, correspond with kindred spirits. Box 242.

YOUNG MAN, 25, college student, would appreciate communication from female companion. Box 243.

IDEALIST. Is there an attractive but serious minded young woman, gentile, between 27 and 35 years of age, anxious to collaborate in furthering the cause of pure socialism? Must be university graduate, clever in the use of shorthand and typewriter. Should be financially independent, for the present at least, since there is no immediate prospect of remuneration. Must be of medium height, weight not over 135 lbs. American gentleman, 40, single, wonders if there is such a rare combination unattached. Box 244.

LONELY gentleman (central N. Y.), would like to discuss books with girl of sympathetic personality occasionally. Discreet.

VERSATILE woman, physically perfect, psychologically normal, spiritually rich, financially bent, desires secretarial position and companionship with an intellectual. Box 245.

AN IMPRACTICAL WRITER and lecturer needs a go-getting secretary or coworker. Address "Adrift," stating education and experience.

EARLY-AMERICAN waffler, ginger, wholewheat, or chocolate, seeks a fifty-year-old bachelor-autocrat of the waffle table; University varieties preferred. Mabel Séa-Rip.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

The Master Again

ÆSOP'S FABLES: Samuel Croxall's translation, with a bibliographical note by Victor Scholderer and numerous facsimiles of Florentine woodcuts. New York: Limited Editions Club, 1933.

THE era of the "star" in American printing is over and done with, so far as the future can be read. The "new deal" in industry and perhaps in culture will not be interested in the superman, but in a race of semi-supermen indistinguishable from each other. They will think, look and act alike: they will as inevitably use sans-serif type today and some manuscript-like type tomorrow, as they today buy one kind of automobile and another a year from now. They will all be in the grip of the type-setting-machine, which, at the same time that it provides clean, sharp, new type for each job (a desirable advantage), requires that a sufficient number of printers all over the country buy the same type faces. The result is to make uniformity almost universal.

Uniformity is a desirable thing in its place. A crying need for many years has been uniformity in electric light plugs and sockets; and it would be very convenient to have nice new, shiny plates for each meal instead of more or less polished-off old ones. But uniformity in types is not quite so desirable for much of the work of the printing-office. The older masters of the printing art learned and practiced their trade when uniformity was still far from what it is today. De Vinne and Gilliss and Heintzemann, and later Updike and Rogers, did not have to strive with the cold and relentless regimentation produced by the machinery of their calling, but were freer to cope with the more human, if sometimes more trying, problems of type and design. I don't know that their development would have been impossible under the rule of machinery, but I am very much of the opinion that the men who are now approaching maturity in their calling will never match the work done by these men in variety, quality or meticulous devotion to the *nuances* of typography. The new men will find other ways in which to work: they will never know the fine frenzy of finding a Brimmer type in the dust of old type cases, nor the exultation of restoring to use fine old schemes and devices smothered under Victorian rubbish. Instead there will be other work, less colorful, yet no less—perhaps even more—necessary. There will be the gigantic task of remodeling the typographic style of the Government Printing Office—a task which will keep many of the younger men busy for years. There will be the job of conquering machinery—other as well as printing machines—beating them to their knees till they work for humanity and not against it. Necessary printing will have to be differentiated from the practically unnecessary, so that the former can be done more quickly and more easily, the latter more slowly and better. To these tasks the younger generations, trained in standardization, will bring the enthusiasm which produced, in another day, typography of variety and distinction.

This earlier enthusiasm was the result of a very real liking for type and a very real knowledge of how to use it—knowledge, incidentally, got by desperately hard work, when there were few guides to follow, and most of them æsthetically deficient. It was this liking and this knowledge which made the Riverside Press editions so successful, and it is the same liking and knowledge which has enabled Mr. Bruce Rogers to take a handful of Florentine woodblocks, a type-face (Fell) which most printers even today would throw into the hell-box, and a handful of printer's "fists," and out of them to make a charming book.

And the book has that quality not because of Mr. Rogers alone—for, fine as was his "Odyssey," it was not charming; not because of the Fell type—for Oxford has used it sometimes successfully, sometimes not; not because of the woodblocks—for they are of the south, whereas the type is northern. The book is charming because Mr. Rogers has taken the picture of the Italian wood-cutter, the fables of the Greek writer, the type of a Dutch punch-cutter, modern English hand-made paper, and heaven knows what odds and ends of skill and taste, and fused them into one balanced whole. Few books appear in which related elements of type and design are handled with success: rarer yet does one come in which such divergent units are so skillfully handled as to warrant repeated inspection. It is safe to say that there is little likelihood of a more delightful Æsop coming from the press.

R.

An End of Alarm

COLLECTOR and bookseller live in perpetual terror of the "point"—the Omarian hair that divides the false and true, that distinguishes the desirable first state of a book from the despicable second. Often the point is utterly pointless—he may have been a cynical bookman who christened a moderate protuberance from the Connecticut shore Point No Point. Often the supposititious point is no more—indeed far less—provable than the priority of the hen or the egg, but somehow it gets itself inscribed on the bibliophile tablets of the law, and thereafter not even the Supreme Court can budge it. (Suggestion: Why not an actual test case—a friendly, but not too friendly, suit of bookseller versus bibliographer?) The late George H. Sargent pleaded in an early number of the *Colophon* for a true supreme court of bibliography, and everybody said it would be a wonderful thing, but nobody did anything about it, and nobody ever will.

But there is a ray of hope in the point situation—purely adventitious, but none the less a ray. It does not shine forth from the very sun of truth, but at any rate it is luminous, and perhaps one should not inquire too closely into the source of one's light—let the end justify the beams. Points—the best points—used to consist of errors consciously rectified—errors of fact, sense, or composition (English or typographical). Thus, when an American novelist half a generation since permitted a clergyman (not the Gloomy Dean) to initiate a wedding ceremony with the introduction to the burial service an altogether admirable point was created—created, that is, as soon as a correction had divided the first edition into two states.

Ours, however, is an unregenerate, perhaps an unregenerable day. Authors, editors, proofreaders err as much as they ever did, but the errors, unless they carry the taint of potential litigation, are often allowed to persist through printing after printing. Eight years ago there appeared a novel by a collected author in which a tennis player attained the ingenious score of twenty love—the player was executed at the end of the second volume, but the author was not even indicted. The error was common to the "trade" and the large-paper limited signed edition, for this novel was born in a day when virtually everything between covers enjoyed such a dual and dubious personality. "Twenty love" persisted through several early printings despite public protest and may be confounding readers in the most recent—one lacks the heart to investigate these matters too thoroughly. And in the twenty-sixth printing of a novel whose popularity seems proved by that figure a casual inspector reports two allusions to "McGuffy" readers, "cher amie" (deliberately juxtaposed with "cher ami") "it's" for "its," and Missouri with a lower-case m. Any one of these gaucheries was inexcusable in the first printing—they are rather more than twenty-six times less excusable in the twenty-sixth. Has the cost of stereotyping risen to such appalling heights that replating is not to be considered? Or do publishers (and perhaps authors) just decline to give a damn? Anyway it is all very pleasant for the collector and seller of first editions, for as long as errors stay in points stay out.

J. T. W.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

DESIDERATA

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your lists. 15 Ann Street, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MORLEY, McFEE, MENCKEN, CATHER, MILLAY. First Editions. Catalogue. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, PRESS BOOKS, ETC. Bought and sold. Open all evenings, also Saturday afternoon. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS. Largest and choicest stock of FRENCH Art books, Editions de LUXE, Limited Editions, Rarities—Standard and Current French books in all lines, over 500,000 in stock. Mail order. Catalogue 20 cents (stamps), monthly list free. The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

YOUR STORIES, BOOKS, PLAYS SOLD. Complete editorial assistance to help make them salable. New writers assisted. PUBLISHERS' AGENCY, Laurence Roberts, Literary Agent, 65 FIFTH AVE., Suite 15, NEW YORK CITY.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

RUSSIAN POSTERS

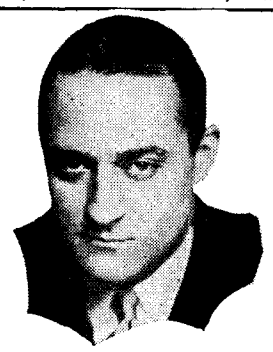
COLORFUL SOVIET POSTERS, ALL sizes, covering various phases of life in modern Russia. 15 cents to $1.50. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*



HENRY HAZLITT, *author of The Anatomy of Criticism*

It now behooves *The Inner Sanctum* to fall back once more on the ancient serenities and quietly publish a good book.

Neither the publishers [*surprise!*] nor the author [*still greater surprise!*] expect it to have a large sale, although they are confident it will be a distinguished one. The book is *The Anatomy of Criticism* and the author is HENRY HAZLITT, Literary Editor of *The Nation,* and perhaps the only eminent man of letters who first steeped himself in speculative philosophy by an apprenticeship on *The Wall Street Journal.*

"Criticism is the one art that all humanity practises," says HENRY HAZLITT, and in that spirit he records the adventures of his soul, not only among masterpieces, after the manner of ANATOLE FRANCE, but on the battlefield of life.

By casting his book into the form of a clashing, three-cornered conversation he enhances the clarity for which he is justly celebrated, and attains a gusto which is positively exhilarating. In less masterly hands, the trialogue pattern is clumsy and confusing; in the hands of a PLATO, a G. LOWES, DICKINSON or a HAZLITT—and we don't mean only WILLIAM—it becomes an authentic drama of ideas.

NEWS!

Any bookseller will tell you that Snap Judgment Day is at hand . . . the photo-recognizing game, *Snap Judgment,* just published, is the latest addition to *The Inner Sanctum's* series of home-wrecking divertissements . . . it is compiled by HERBERT MARKS and JEROME MEYER of *Mental Whoopee* fame and it is keeping parties all over town going until the milkman comes and tries to join in. . . . *The First World War* is still marching ahead staunchly on the best-seller lists, with *Little Man, What Now?* and *Van Loon's Geography* holding the fort on the back-list. . . . Yesterday was a red-letter day for your correspondents—publication day of WALTER B. PITKIN'S new book—successor to *Life Begins at Forty.* Watch this space for further hautboys and alarums, any minute now, for his new opus, *More Power to You! A Working Technique for Making the Most of Human Energy. . . . More Power to You!* is not a book about public utilities, but a practical manual about peak performance in actual achievement.

—ESSANDESS.

CHOOSE!

—this unknown, untried way of life, or certain death . . .

Three men and a woman, cast among strange people, cut off from the world, must choose whether they shall live or die. This is the story of how one of them elected to escape, and how he met death, but more of how the others chose to remain, held by new life that became "more and more remarkable, as time passed. . . ."

a novel by the author of
AND NOW GOOD-BYE

James Hilton

LOST HORIZON

$2.50, and published by Morrow

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Salt Water Only

By W. S. HALL

One day last spring Capt. David Bone gave Felix Riesenberg a book. Felix proudly exhibited it at the extraordinary meeting of the Eight-Hours-for-Dinner Club when Cruikshank's monumental *Worship of Bacchus* was hung on an appropriate wall. Next morning, of the maze of happenings that night, I remembered clearly one thing, the title of the book—All About Ships. I knew, too, that it would be a tough one to find unless I went to the logical place for it—Alfred W. Paine's shop. For Paine, as his sign proclaims, deals only in Books Relating to Salt Water. I got the book.

The shop is on Lexington Avenue, between 39th and 40th Streets, No. 336. I do a nightly journey north on the Lexington Ave. trolley to my favorite restaurant, and I had for some time noticed the windows on the second floor, crowded with books and prints, indicating a well stocked shop. Most enticing, and what a grand subject for a specialty! However, I postponed enjoyment of a visit until the necessity of matching Felix's acquisition sent me there.

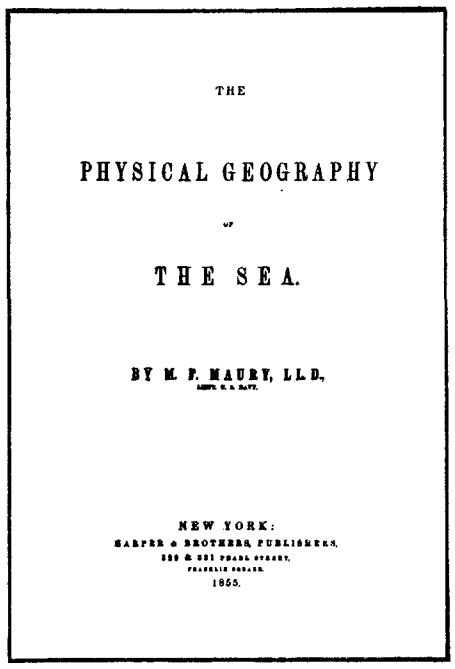
One doesn't exactly barge into No. 336. There is a vestibule with bells, one of which has an arrow marked "Shop" pointing to it. You press it and the door clicks, you climb one carpeted flight and you're there. Unless one is altogether snobbish about the ocean I recommend that climb. It's worth it.

Mr. Paine sits at a desk near the window and he may raise his eyes when you come in or he may not. He expects callers to look around. In my own case, with the title of the book I wanted on the end of my tongue, I quite forgot I'd come for anything specific when once I was inside. I'm sorry I can't say I tasted the tang of the sea, that I heard the boom of the surf. I didn't, but of the sea that's about all I missed. You're engulfed as soon as you start to look.

Unless one is so confirmed a bibliophile that nothing else matters, in Paine's shop the prints and paintings will have first attention. For myself, when there are water-colors by C. R. Patterson, W. M. Birchall, Gordon Grant and Howard French to look at, book-spines have to wait. To say nothing of old marine prints including Currier & Ives, ship models, ships in bottles, scrimshaw work, old-marine photographs, etc., etc. Even the lamp-shade is marine. As for the books, they're all there; not only those one expected to find—Clark Russell, Conrad, McFee, Bone, Dana, Cook, Kipling, Esquemeling, but hosts of others by men who knew their salt water and how to write about it.

Which brings me to *the* book. Not the one I called for but one which invoked my curiosity because of a quotation on the cover of Paine's current catalogue (Books relating to Salt Water, 1626-1932), "Unchanged and unchanging alone, of all created things, the ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting creator." Now who was M. F. Maury who said that, and where did he say it? Mr. Paine let me down easily. He gently informed me that practically everybody at all interested in the ocean not only knew Maury but was everlastingly indebted to him. To be brief—though here's a book one could stay with—Harper in 1855 published *The Physical Geography of the Sea,* by M. F. Maury, LL.D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. That's all, but it was the first, the initial book on this big subject; and what Maury saved by its publication in lives, time and money, can hardly be computed. Mr. Paine loaned me the book to dip into. I took a full swim through it. And the next day reading Conan Doyle's attempted solution of the *Marie Celeste* disappearance (*J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement*), I came across the phrase—"We have an interesting argument about Maury's observations on ocean currents, which we terminated by going down into the cabin to consult the original work." I suppose it's the joy of late discovery which keeps me yawping about this book, but there's something else about it. The first edition isn't priced four thousand, or four hundred, but simply four dollars.

This won't leave much room for the Other Book. *All About Ships* has one of those title pages which is a full page of reading—The Way to Make Models, Life and Duties of a Sailor, from Cabin Boy to Captain, A Dictionary of Modern Sea Terms, etc., by Capt. Charles Chapman. My copy is third edition, London, 1873, but it's pencilled "scarce," which I believe. I like Capt. Chapman; at least he had more than one mood. The book justifies, within the limits of its size, its title. But the Captain sails into "intoxicating liquors" whenever he feels the reader will stand for it, interspersing also his nautical storms with calms of spiritual advice. But the interludes are short. After some rather heavy moral admonition on page 53 for instance,


THE

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

OF

THE SEA.

BY M. F. MAURY, LL.D.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
1855.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE MAURY FIRST EDITION

he snaps right back into ship routine with "Now having given you a little wholesome advice, you had better just look down the main hatchway and see how the cargo is going on."

In 1930 Mr. Paine opened up a shop at 7 East 12th St. He moved to Lexington Avenue in October, 1932. To make the record more complete, I should have asked him what he did before he entrusted his destiny to the selling of books, how he came to select Salt Water, and other questions. But Mr. Paine's gentle courtesy and perhaps a certain shyness on *his* part effectively forestalled my reportorial curiosity. Matter of fact we talked tennis, of which I know nothing.

I'm afraid I've said too much, nevertheless, about two of his books, and too little about the shop. But that's the sort of shop it is—you don't see the shop for the books.

* *

☞Perhaps the most interesting Fall Catalogue typographically is the list of the Cambridge University Press, represented here by the Macmillan Company. This is the first time a separate American edition has been prepared by the Cambridge University Press. The type was designed and the Cambridge shield drawn by Eric Gill. ☞We enjoyed Sheed & Ward's account of their opening at 63 Fifth Avenue. Of their office they say "It once housed spirits of decorum and the dance; indeed, the postures of great ladies and attendant males seem to have been captured by the fantastic moulding on wainscoting and ceiling." Now, after weeks of secret reconnoitering, says Mr. Ampersand of Sheed & Ward, he believes he has no small quantity of the Dope on the reading public here."

* *

☞We have just heard the announcement of incorporation of Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc., publishers. Both Eugene Reynal and Curtice Hitchcock are well known in all departments of the book business; Mr. Reynal has been head of Blue Ribbon Books since its inception, having previously been advertising manager of Harpers; Mr. Hitchcock, after several years at Macmillan, became vice-president of the Century Company. The new firm's offices will be at 448 Fourth Ave., and they will distribute through the Blue Ribbon organization. Other directors will include Barklie Henry of New York and E. B. Passano of Baltimore. Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. will announce their first list at the beginning of the year.

The AMEN CORNER

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments,
Shelley wrote in *Adonais.*[1]

"Around death the human being gathers his records of life," writes Benjamin Kurtz in *The Pursuit of Death,* a study of Shelley's thought and poetry which the Oxford University Press is just publishing. Shelley, Mr. Kurtz says, has written more about death than has any other major English poet. He mentions death in nearly all his poems, and most of his more important poems are filled with the subject. What he wrote on this theme is intimately connected with his essential genius as a poet, with his most characteristic speculations, and with the salient facts of his life. A study of the ramifications of this subject leads, therefore, to an intimate revelation of his character as a man and a poet. He attained, says the author, three victories over death. These victories mark his progress as a thinker and a poet. They are the story of his heart, of his life, and of his death.

Mr. Kurtz also, for the sake of comparison, discusses death in the poetry of several other Romantic poets including Wordsworth. The Oxford Press has just added to the admirable *Oxford Standard Authors*[2] series Mr. Ernest de Sélincourt's edition of *The Prelude,* first published in 1926 in the *Oxford English Texts.*[3] The text of this edition is the poem as it was read to Coleridge, in the winter of 1805-6, and is not the revised poem as it was first published in 1850, after Wordsworth's death. This edition differs from that of 1926 in not giving the revised text or the textual notes; but the line-numbers of 1850 are shown as well as those of 1805-6, to assist the student who wishes to compare the text with the generally accessible version of 1850. The ideal text of *The Prelude,* the editor feels, would firmly reject all modifications of Wordsworth's original thought and attitude to his theme. In the later text, his anxiety to write up his poem creates in places the impression of phrase-making foreign to the true Wordsworthian spirit.

Speaking of poetry, the other day we chanced upon Mr. F. L. Lucas's Warton Lecture for 1933—*The Criticism of Poetry.*[4] Once we began it we could not stop until we reached the end, and we were not surprised that the *New York Times* considered this trifling pamphlet of sufficient importance to devote a full-length editorial to it. After twenty-nine pages full of learning, wit, and penetration, the upshot is the solid but neglected principle, *"Il faut avoir de l'âme pour avoir du goût."*

We have barely room to tell you that F. Anstey's delightful volume of adaptations of *Three Molière Plays*[5] is now ready, and to recommend as a gift-book for any difficult case, *Dante's Inferno*[6] in George Musgrave's Spenserian Stanzas with John Batten's forty-four striking illustrations.

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: *The Pursuit of Death* by Benjamin P. Kurtz. $3.50.
(1) *Shelley's Poetical Works* in the *Oxford Standard Authors.* $1.50. Write for complete list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $1.50. (3) $10.50. (4) 35c. (5) $2.75. (6) $3.00.

Sigrid Undset

author of Kristin Lavransdatter, and Nobel Prize winner, writes a novel of modern marriage, dealing with the problem of a woman who is burdened with a worthless husband. Divorce is not the solution. What is? Read this warmly human story of today, complete in itself, and another monument to Mme. Undset.

IDA ELISABETH

432 pages. $2.50

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·N·Y·

AS THE EARTH TURNS

by Gladys Hasty Carroll

100th Thousand

$2.50 THE MACMILLAN CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED